The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Don't be surprised if Hon. Wm. A. Wallace gets the Democratic nomination for governor. In that event Gen. Beaver will not be the next governor. Stick a pin there.

Mr. Powderly seems to have lost his command on the Knights of Labor. He is entirely too conservative to suit the hot-heads and he has been practically bowled out. So much worse for the Knights of Labor.

The House passed the Oleomargarine bill by a vote of 177 yeas to 101 nays, after fixing the tax at five cents a pound instead of ten cents. It is believed that the bill stands little chance of success in the Senate.

President Cleveland had to take out a marriage license which cost him one dollar.

The indecent manner in which the appointment of a Prothonotary was brought about, has had its natural effect, the public in general are filled with disgust, and all last week the beneficiary of the job, we are told, went begging for some competent person to take charge of the office, and that no one would agree to take it off his hands, because of the disreputable manner in which the appointment was brought about.

In New York, on 2, Herr John Most, the anarchist, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and fined $500. His associate, Braunschweig, got nine months in the penitentiary and was fined $350. Schenck was sent to the penitentiary for 9 months, but not fined. Recorder Smyth, in sentencing Most, expressed deep regret that the law did not permit him to impose a heavier sentence. His crimes, he said, deserved the punishment awarded to capital offenses. He told him he was the greatest scoundrel he had ever seen at the bar. Braunschweig, the Recorder said, was almost equally guilty. Schenck, he thought was a dupe of his companions, but he deserved punishment to warn him and others against following the teachings of such men as Most.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* makes these points as to the meeting of textile operatives in that city to promote free trade in raw work:

The meeting was an impressive one and significant as to one fact: that there are considerable numbers of our workingmen who enjoy the advantage of protective duties upon their own products, who at the same time favor a measure either to reduce the amount of protection accorded to the products of certain fellow-workmen in other fields of labor, or to take the protection off altogether. Possibly they see a safe and sound policy in this, but we doubt it. The American system of protection if successfully maintained at all, must be upheld as a whole system. "Protection in patches" will not answer.

We learn that the Bohemian oats swindle is bearing its fruits in this county, and that the paper of the victims is beginning to flood the Bellefonte banks. Innocent parties find themselves victimized in sums of $200, $300, $500 and over. The swindlers first procured stool pigeons as a start for the swindle. The principals were outsiders and the stool pigeons lived among the communities victimized. The stool pigeons are the ones to blame, as they were willing to be used to entrap their neighbor for a little filthy lucre and to prepare a rich harvest for the outside swindlers. Fellows who succeeded in this flatter themselves they deserve a place on the Democratic ticket.

A horrible double murder was committed near Tyro Shops, Davidson county, N. C., on 5. While A. J. McBride and wife were eating supper they were murdered in their seats and the house robbed and burned, together with their bodies. Mr. McBride gave in his taxes day before, and stated that he had $200 on hand, which is supposed to have been the cause of the murder. Alfred Long and Walter Womack, his brothers-in-law, both colored, have been arrested on suspicion.

THE LAND GRABBERS.

The swindling operations by which the public lands of the United States have been seized by alien land grabbers, who have made the name of "landlord" as disreputable in Europe as that of "brigand," deserve prompt exposure and swift retribution. While the people of this country were heedless of the great wealth of land which they felt they owned, and every workingman was happy in the belief that if all else failed he could go and take possession of the 160 acres of land which the government had in reserve for him, the land sharks of two continents have been helping themselves freely to the people's heritage. We are glad to know that the public land committee of the national house of representatives has taken this great question in hand. The press and people of the country should urge upon congress the necessity of passing a bill that will not only put a check upon the land-sharks, but also compel them to restore the fertile acres they have stolen from the people.

It is enough to make the blood of freemen boil to find that of the land which belongs to the people an English syndicate owns 3,000,000 acres in Texas; the notorious Irish landlord and rack-renter Lord Dunraven owns 60 000 acres in Colorado; Sir Edward Ried's syndicate 2,000.000 acres in Florida; the Holland company 4,500,000 acres in New Mexico; an English syndicate 1,800,000 acres in Mississippi; a German syndicate 1,000,000 acres; old Whalley, the rabid Tory member of parliament, has his grip on 310,000 acres in Kansas, and other English, Irish, Scotch and German land-grabbers have possession of large and fertile tracts in various parts of the country, aggregating in all about 20,000,000 acres, held by twenty-nine alien companies and individuals. The special Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that "in some of these cases these vast tracts have undoubtedly been acquired by irregular and unlawful methods, and in these cases investigations are now being made, with the purpose of enforcing the laws and reclaiming the lands, where this may be possible. The present congress will probably authorize a commission to examine into land grants in New Mexico and Arizona, and this commission will undoubtedly declare a great part of the notorious Maxwell land grant, now held by a Holland company, to be illegal and void. The general land office is investigating other alien estates, and has collected evidence to show clear violation of the land laws in their acquisition." It is about time an effective step was put upon such practices. The far-seeing land barons of the old world, feeling that they are losing their grip on the acres of Europe, have been transplanting the feudal system in the United States. They have worked noislessly as the proverbial thief in the night, and congress should not scruple about compelling them to give up their ill-gotten gain.

A Democrat of the Barrens inquires whether a clerk or employe in any bank can be clear of the penalties of the primary and general election laws, if he should use its funds to "accommodate" persons free of charge, in order thus to secure their influence for a nomination to office.

We answer no, it is bribery clear, and such a party is liable to fine and imprisonment, and if elected and took the oath would be guilty of perjury. Even if the law were not strict in this regard, such use of funds would be a prostitution of a bank to the basest political uses, which depositors would object to as not being the purposes for which they put money on deposit. The writer of this has heard persons admit that they have been "accommodated" free of cost, and from the inquiry made by our friend, who, we know, is an honest Democrat who desires to have honest politics, there must be more such cases abroad reaching into Harris and Ferguson townships. Work like this is the initial to a hasty trip to Canada with a view not to come back again, and makes a very doubtful officer when put in a place of public trust.

A bill is now before the French Chamber of Deputies providing for the expulsion of the Princes of the various monarchical and imperial families living in France. The measure was fathered by Clemenceau, the Radical leader, and, with some modifications, has been adopted by the Freycinet government as its own. The bill empowers the Government to prohibit all members of the families which formerly reigned in France from remaining within the country under a penalty of five years' imprisonment. The Minister of the Interior is to inform the ostracised of the prohibition against them by issuing a decree commanding them to depart. In submitting the bill the Government announced its readiness to give immediate effect to the expulsion. The preamble says that when the public abrogated former decrees it was believed the princes would respect the national institutions. On the contrary, however, they had seized every chance to do injury to the republic. The time had arrived, therefore, to put an end to the schemes of the princes.

The discussion over the matter had its immediate origin in the recent marriage of the Princess Amalie, daughter of the Comte de Paris, to the Crown Prince of Portugal. This union has been construed by the more radical Republicans as an important move of the Comte de Paris toward a repetition of his father's practical usurpation of the throne of France fifty-six years ago. The Comte, by the recent death of the Comte de Chambord, is now the recognized head of both the Orleans and Bourbon families in France. The committee of the French Chamber, by a vote of 6 to 5, has adopted the proposal for the general and compulsory expulsion of the princes, but, by a vote of 9 to 2, decided to postpone discussion on the question of confiscation of their property.

The New York *Star*, 6, says a private dispatch was received in the city at a late hour last night containing the news that Terence Vincent Powderly had resigned his position as General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. The telegram went on to state that the resignation was to take effect on Monday, and that his place would be immediately filled. No reason was assigned for Mr. Powderly's alleged action, but it was hinted that the resignation was the outcome of the recent introduction of the Home Club element into the Executive board.

Powderly is on record as a bitter opponent of the cardinal doctrines of this inner circle of the Knights of Labor, and when the four members of this secret organization were elevated to places on the general board, it was the universal opinion of the Knights that their chief executive officer would be compelled to resign. Mr. Powderly is a strong believer in the maintenance of the separate and distinct existence of trades unions which have allied themselves with the Knights, while the Home Club men favor the total and complete absorption of the old trades bodies by the new, gigantic organization. This is the main point of difference between the General Master Workman and his new colleagues; but there exist many minor points of difference between them. Mr. Powderly's friends in the order—and they are many—didn't see how he could conscientiously do his duty when hampered by a hostile element in the board, and these views were freely voiced by the delegates in Cleveland and on their return to this city.

The news created a sensation among the members of labor organizations in New York. The Knights universally deplored it, and predicted direful results to the order from the loss of its trusty leader. Trades unionists affected to see in the change an indication of weakness in what they deemed a powerful opponent; but at the same time they recognized the fact that the immediate result of Powderly's resignation would be to precipitate the struggle between the trades unions and the Knights.

A Miles City, Mont., special says: The Cheyennes have all gone to Tongue River, where at the mouth of Cook Creek, they are engaged in the barbarous and bloody orgies of the Sun Dances, in which novitiates become warriors, and braves by the ordeal of torture.

The Bloomsburg *Sentinel* is authorized to state that C. R. Buckalew is a candidate for Congress in the Eleventh district, subject to the action of the conference.

It is astonishing what a turky gobbler strut some fellows will put on when a fip-penny-bit streak of luck falls on 'em.

THE PRESIDENT MARRIED TO MISS FRASCES FOLSOM ACCORDING TO ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Brilliant and Unprecedented Event at the White House.

Washington, June 2.—The most important social event that has ever occurred in Washington transpired this evening at the White House in the marriage of President Cleveland to Miss Frank Folsom. No event of this nature of so important a character has perhaps ever been so jealously guarded from outside intrusion, or lifted so far above the level of mere curiosity. A wedding party limited to two score people, one-third of whom were composed of the highest officials of the nation, was certainly a novelty, but not even social rank, let alone the profane multitude, was permitted to view the novel event.

It had been widely spread that the White House gates would be closed against all comers except the elect after 6 p. m. This notification was sufficient to keep the public away, but as evening came a hundred or more people gathered in Lafayette Park and took what satisfaction there was in gazing at the Executive Mansion through the heavy foliage of the White House grounds. When 6 o'clock came, however, the gates were still open and the crowd took this as an invitation to enter, and in half an hour the carriage way in front of the main entrance was live with all sorts of people, the crowd growing with each moment.

Scarcely three minutes after the last guest arrived the Marine Band struck up the wedding march, and the bridal party descended the western staircase to the main floor. It was just exactly 7 o'clock A moment later the dull roar of the artillery at the Arsenel boomed out on the evening air, twenty-one guns, a Presidential salute, being fired. At the same time the chimes of the Metropolitan church, three-quarters of a mile away, pealed out with Mendelsohn's wedding march, filling the interludes between the roar of cannon. The exterior audience seemed jubilant enough to shout, but a score of blue-coated policemen, with menacing batons, was sufficiently discouraging to prevent any unseemly outbursts of enthusiasm. The crowd waited patiently throughout the two hours that the band played within, while not a soul either came or went through the big stained glass doors.

There was no formal parade like a wedding march. It was an informal family gathering. The ceremony was concluded at 7:30, I should say. When the couple entered they assumed their positions, fronting the guests, and then Doctor Sunderland pronounced the ceremony in its briefer form. The ring was used and there was no nervous fumbling of it by the groom. When it was asked for, the President produced it promptly. The responses were uttered in distinct tones. Miss Folsom retained her composure with evident effort and Miss Cleveland was also manfully striving to be serene. All the part that the brother, Rev. William Cleveland, bore was pronouncing the benediction. There was no kneeling. He prayed that the bride might bring the graces of a Christian woman to the Executive Mansion. Then congratulations followed and we all repaired to the dining hall. The guests were seated at little tables about the room and a hot supper was served. First the health of the bride was drank. Just before leaving the bridal cake was placed before the bride and she placed the knife within it. Then came the withdrawals and the preparations for the wedding trip. We all hunted up Colonel Lamont and declared that there should be no escaping by any secret passage for we intended to throw rice after him. Finally an old slipper was found and some rice, and as the happy couple came down to depart by the side exit we fairly sprinkled them with rice. They left at 9 and go to Deer Park for a week.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS

were many, but they were not exhibited, nor will a list be furnished. This is in deference to the wishes of the President. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond necklace composed of a single string of brilliants. The presents from the cabinet officers and their wives were mostly articles of jewelry, though there were several beautiful presents of silverware.

THE MARRIAGE TOILET.

The bride wore an enchanting wedding dress of ivory satin simply garnished on the high corsage, with Indian muslin crossed in Grecian folds and carried in exquisite falls of simplicity over the petticoat. The orange blossom garniture commencing upon the veil in superb coronet is continued throughout the costume with artistic skill.

Her veil of tulle, about five yards in length, completely enveloped her, falling to the edge of the petticoat in front and extending the entire length of her full court train.

She carried no flowers and wore no jewelry except an engagement ring, containing a sapphire and two diamonds.

HOW THE GUESTS WERE DRESSED.

Mrs. Folsom wore a superb dress of violet satin, with garniture in white faille with christalized violet drops in pendants every where.

Miss Cleveland wore an exquisite dress, a combination of Nile green and cameo pink duchesse satin, with silver ornaments, low corsage garnished with pink roses, short sleeves, demi-length gloves in light tan. She carried a fan of pink curlew feathers.

Mrs. Hoyt, the President's sister, wore a dainty costume, en traine, of China crepe in robin's egg blue, most effectively garnatured with rare old lace. Her flowers were *la France* roses.

Miss Bayard was becomingly attired in black tulle in keeping with the deep mourning which she had worn since her mother's death.

Mrs. Manning's dress was of white satin flounced across the front with duchesse lace, trimmings finished with sea pearls, square neck and elbow sleeves. Diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Endicott wore satin, with silver and white sapphire, draped in black Chantilly lace. Red pompon in hair and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Whitney wore a bodice of violet, with white satin and tulle skirts trimmed with violets. Diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Vilas' dress was light blue silk with long train strewn with daisies of silver, front of cristal and point lace and pearl trimming. Low neck and elbow sleeves.

Mrs. Lamont wore an ivory tinted satin dress, demi train with a panel of crystal and pearl on the left side of the skirt, square neck coarsage edged with crystal and jet fringe, elbow sleeves and beautiful corsage bouquet of jacqueminot roses.

Mrs. Rodgers, cousin of the bride, was dressed in a costume of delicate cameo pink, with brocaded front.

Mrs. Codman, a relative of the bride, wore a white satin dress *en traine* with black lace draperies and jaqueminot roses.

Mrs. Hermon wore a satin dress of light orange.

Miss Nelson wore a handsome costume of corn colored satin with overdress of white antique lace, cut pompadour, with low coursage and elbow sleeves. Her flowers were jaqueminot roses.

Miss Huddleston was dressed in pink silk with blue trimmings.

Mrs. Sunderland's dress was gray satin trimmed with lace, long train, square neck and elbow sleeves,

SELLING THE BEECH CREEK ROAD.

Clearfield, June 4.—All that part of the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern Railroad which lies in Clearfield county was sold at the Court House, in this place, to-day by Sheriff Dale to Geo. F. Baer, J. M. Gazzam, C. F. Langdon and C. C. Clark for $1,300,000. This is the amount of the indebtedness of the road. This was the first and only bid There was rumor afloat here to-day that there would be some spirited bidding between the Beech Creek and Pennsylvania officials, but it was untrue, as there were none of the latter present. The sale of the property of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Co. will take place on June 11.

TRACKS BLOCKED BY WOMEN.

How the Wives and Daughters of Strikers Evaded an Injunction.

Chicago, June 4.—Two freight cars containing nails, consigned to the Rock Island Road, have been standing for a week at Cummings. Yesterday the road made an attempt to move the cars, but were frustrated by striking nail-makers of the Calumet Iron and Steel Company, who induced the trainmen to abandon the attempt, as the nails had been made by the new men at the works. Sup't Chamberlain, of the Rock Island road, immediately asked for protection, and Captain Hunt, of the Hyde Park police force, started for Cummings this morning, taking with him all the available men of his force.

Several of the strikers had been enjoined from interfering with the working of the mills and the way taken to accomplish the result was entirely ingenious. Ten o'clock was the hour when the engines were expected up from South Chicago, and before that hour women and children to the number of two hundred, wives and children of former workmen, assembled with sticks in their hands around the terminus of the railroad tracks and opposite to the entrance of the nail works. Female spies were sent down the track toward South Chicago to apprise the party of the engine's approach.

While they were keeping guard a contingent was dispatched to the residence of Tom Bethel, a non-union man, who was moving to Colehour for safety. Mrs. Bethel was alone, superintending the packing of household goods, when she was startled by the beating of tin pans and the wildest hoots and yells imaginable. Several windows were smashed by boulders and she was berated roundly by the women and children until the police dispersed the party. They returned to the depot. At the same time one of the pickets came running breathlessly along the track, waving her shawl and shouting, "To the cars."

This was signaling the approach of the engine. Then there was a rush to where the loaded cars were standing. Mothers with infants in their arms and dragging youngsters by the hands hurried along. All ages were represented. The mothers grouped their little ones along the track some distance ahead of the first freight car and packed them according to age on the rails, the youngest toward the approaching engines, the mothers and the grown up daughters taking position in the rear. The engines steamed up slowly, but seeing the living obstacle on the track reversed and returned to South Chicago. Then the Amazons dispersed and on their return jeered and abused the representatives of the company at the gate, calling them the most opprobrious names, the police by their presence only preventing infliction of violence by the infuriated women.

At two o'clock, when the engines appeared again, fully two thousand women and children were thronging the tracks and apparently as determined as before to hold them. Captain Hunt, with 60 policemen from Hyde Park, had reported in the meantime and attempted to clear the track, but could not do it only with great difficulty. The women, feeling sure they would not be clubbed, refused to move or moved very slowly when told to do so, and closed up again on the tracks unless absolutely held back by the officers. The engines were unable to get by them without killing them. The greatest excitement prevailed and all attempts made to move the cars proved futile.

HIS FIVE MURDERS.

Muskogee, I. T., June 4.—John Stevens, a mulatto, has been brought here charged with a wholesale murder committed near Coffeyville on Friday morning last. He was examined before Commissioner Tufts yesterday afternoon, and though he stoutly denied his guilt the evidence is very strong against him. Dr. George Pyle had sworn out a warrant for his arrest for cattle stealing, and this is supposed to have been the motive for the crime. On the morning aforesaid Stevens went to Dr. Pyle's home and with an axe attacked the occupants, the doctor and his wife and a hired man named Dykes, one at a time and left them all for dead. He then went to the house of Mrs. Kerr, who was supposed to have considerable money in her possession, and succeeded in killing her grown son and one Lewis Winters, dispatching them all with the same bloody axe.

Suspicion was fastened on Stevens from the fact that he borrowed a horse, saddle and bridle the day before, and the next morning the saddle-blanket was found near Pyle's home, and also tracks where he had hitched the horse. A rag was found near by, which was identified as one worn by Stevens around his feet, and when he was arrested its mate was found on the other foot. He was captured by United States Deputy Marchall Norwood and a possee of citizens. Commissioner Tufts committed him for a trial, and his hanging is a foregone conclusion.

Reports from the Northwest as to the growing grain are not as favorable as they were last week. In Minnesota and Dakota a severe drouth prevails, and in some quarters, as if to aggravate the situation, the chinch bug has put in an appearance. But little damage has been done as yet, however, and the fears of the farmers thus far are apprehensive rather than justified by facts.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

SERIOUS TALK ABOUT BEAVER.

Philad. *Times*: The coming of Colonel Quay, Ex-Marshal Rutan, Chairman Cooper, Chris L. Magee, Senator Davies, James McManes and other big politicians to the city last week gave rise to the supposition that the nomination of Gen. James A. Beaver was in jeopardy. It is said by those within the inner circle that General Beaver is by no means the enthusiastic choice of many of the leaders. They fear he has not the strength with the people he is popularly supposed to have, and his candidacy is considered to be rather sentimental than practical politics. They urge that a Prohibition candidate for Governor would afford an opportunity for thousands of old time Independent Republicans to forsake the regular ticket. Still they do not see their way out of the dilemma. General Beaver has been indorsed by nearly all if not every one of the conventions so far held and the opposition-to-Beaver leaders assert they cannot find the man whom they could successfully pit against him. There has been some talk about Chief Justice Ulysses Mercur, but, as a gentleman remarked: "We are afraid he is too old, although he is recognized as one of the ablest men in the state. To think of nominating General Hartranft is out of the question. That would be like going back ten or fifteen years. All in all, I guess General Beaver will have to be nominated, because it would be unwise at this late day to attempt to defeat him. At the same time I believe if we had a young man and popular man available and time enough to work up a canvass he could be easily enough beaten. I do not believe that the convention can be postponed or Beaver defeated."

FIRE AT EAGLEVILLE.

Between two and three o'clock Tuesday morning, 2, the Freeman House burned to the ground, together with the contents. The inmates of the house, G. Gosshorn and family, barely escaped with their lives. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. This is the second building that has been burned on the same site. The loss was partially covered by insurance.

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND ARRIVE SAFELY AT DEER PARK.

Deer Park, Md., June 3.—President Cleveland and bride arrived here at 4 o'clock this morning, and are domiciled in one of the cottages attached to the hotel. There are but few persons here, as there was no knowledge that the bridal party would come here. The President and Mrs. Cleveland are sojourning very quietly. A large influx of visitors is looked for as soon as it is known the newly-wedded couple are here.

A GIRL PLUNGES FROM A HIGH TOWER.

Denver, Col., June 3.—Last evening at Aspen a party of young ladies climbed to the top of the fire-bell tower, 60 feet high, to obtain a good view of the city. Eppa Stewart stepped to the edge of the tower and was leaning against the corner post, when the janitor, not knowing of the presence of the ladies, seized the bell rope to call a meeting of the fire company. The sudden clang of the great bell startled Miss Stewart and she plunged from the dizzy height to the pavement. Both legs were so badly crushed that the feet had been driven to within a few inches of the knees; the bones of her left arm were broken into splinters, and five ribs on the right side were broken and torn loose from the spine. She was alive when picked up, but there is no hope of her recovery.

THE FATE OF SIX $100 CERTIFICATES.

Boston, Mass., June 2.—A lady, whose name is withheld, dropped upon the floor of her house in Union Park on May 25 six $100 silver certificates. Later in the day they were picked up by a servant maid, who, thinking they were advertising hand-bills, gave one to another maid, who afterwards burned it, and three to her brother, who in turn ignorantly distributed them among his friends. The two remaining certificates the girl gave to her cousin, who appears to be the only one concerned who knew their value. It is said that he and "the boys" have been having a good time on the proceeds ever since. The certificates given away by the finder's brother have been recovered.

When one sees the impure fats that are sometimes used in soap making, he is inclined to doubt the cleansing qualities of the soap. Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is made from the purest refined tallow, and is guaranteed pure and healthful. jun

We have a lengthy communication from Bellefonte which relates to the appointment of Prothonotary. It goes back as far as six months before Mr. Brett's death and shows there was plotting for his shoes and winds up with the trick by which the appointment was secured, two weeks ago. The writer is very severe on the outrageous and indecent greed, but as the whole matter is so well understood, we must withhold the article for want of space.

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours falling off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. jun

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Henry Bender and Truman Ormsbee met and quarrelled in a house of ill-fame in Harrisburg, on the 23d. Both were drunk, and, after leaving the den, they again met at the Cumberland Valley Railroad depot. Here the fight was renewed, and the couple rolled on the railroad tracks where they were struck by a shifting engine. Both were severely injured, Bender, perhaps, fatally. Ormsbee is said to be a resident of Philadelphia. James Rowell shot and killed Georg Metcalf in a street quarrel at Houston, Texas, on the 22d.

—John Robinson, 25 years of age, an English swimmer, on the 23d, swam the Hudson river, from Nyack to Tarrytown, about three miles, in one hour and thirty-six minutes. He swam against time, $500, it is said, having been staked on a limit of one hour and forty-five minutes.

—The *Mail* printing office, at Toronto, was damaged by fire on the 22d to the extent of about $80,000. The fire started on the first floor, occupied by Alexander & Cable, lithographers, and spread to the *Mail* editorial and composing rooms. Thomas Carroll, watchman, was badly burned while trying to extinguish the flames.

—The house of a man named Shipe, near Sunbury, Penna., was struck by lightning on the 23d and two children were injured, one dangerously.

—William Alexander, for eight years assorting mail clerk at the Post office at Louisville, was arrested on the 23d for robbing the mails. He was caught with decoy money packages.

—Complaint was made to the Indiana Board of Health on the 22d that "there are 16 cases of small-pox at Crossville, and that people who own dogs and cats refuse to keep their domestic animals at home, thereby spreading the contagion. The authorities seek the aid of the law to destroy the disease-distributing felines and canines or to enforce their restraint."

—Several large barns and a number of sheds at Brighton, one of the suburbs of Boston, were burned on the 21st. Incendiarism is suspected. The total loss is estimated at $50,000. Two warehouses at Superior, Minnesota, were burned on the 21st, Loss, $20,000. The Union Depot at Cisco, Texas, was burned on the 21st. Loss, $40,000. The large fertilizer works of Wright and Craighill, at Lynchburg, were burned early on the 22d.

—James Harlow was on the 24th, lodged in jail at Harrisonburg, Virginia, charged with the murder of his little step-daughter by brutally beating her and then cutting her throat. At El Paso, Texas, on the 23d, Louis Trip shot and fatally wounded his wife and then committed suicide. Near Colulla, Texas, on the 23d, G. W. Crenshaw shot and killed Alexander Irving in the presence of two neighbors. Crenshaw surrendered. He said "that it was customary for Irving and himself to greet each other by snapping their revolvers, and that he snapped his thinking it was empty." Near Thomasville, Ga., on the 22d, Frank Coleman, a farmer, becoming enraged at his wife, felled her with a hoe, and then got a razor and cut her throat. At Springfield, Missouri, on the 24th, John Russell, in a fit of insanity, attempted to kill his wife and child by cutting their throats. He cut his wife frightfully, but she escaped and gave the alarm, and when the neighbors arrived at the house, they found the would-be murderer on the floor with a bullet in his brain. The woman and child may recover. At Carrollton, Kentucky, on the 24th, William Whitehead fatally shot Laura Harwood, and then killed himself. They had agreed to die together because their parents opposed their marriage.

—A terrible storm of wind and rain passed over Hendricks county, Indiana on the 23d. There was great destruction of vegetation, windows were smashed by hailstenes and many cattle and horses were killed by falling trees.

—General Miles telegraphs from Calabassas, Arizona, under date of the 22d instant, as follows: "Two small bands have broken from Geronimo's camp and gone north and committed some depredations. Three men killed and one boy captured. Troops are in pursuit, and others are in advance to intercept if possible. Their efforts, I think, will be to leave their wounded and get Agency Indians to join them. Have directed Lieut. Colonel Wade, commanding Fort Apache, and Capt. Pierce, San Carlos, to prevent it. Captain Lawton has followed main camp with great persistency over the worst country in this whole mountain region, and is camped on trail tonight."

—Near Pittsburg, Penna., on the 23d, the infant of Michael Feehan was taken to a neighbor's house to be christened. During the absence of the parents the three other children got hold of the oil can, poured oil in the grate and set themselves on fire. Two of them were burned to death, the other is not expected to recover.

—Policeman Gehlert, his wife and daughter and one of his sons were made dangerously ill on the 23d at Cleveland by poison which had been put in their coffee. "Investigation showed that a large quantity of rat poison had been put in the coffee-pot on the stove and the can of milk outside the door. The kitchen door had been forced open to get at the coffee-pot. The eldest son did not get up to breakfast and so escaped. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the deed."

—A fire at Wausau, Wisconsin, on the 25th, swept the Plumer and Stewart lumber yards and buildings, the Lake Shore and Western depot property and part of the village of Coleman, causing the loss estimated at $200,000. A fire at the Star Oil Company's works, at Erie, Penna., on the 24th, caused a loss of $50,000. The Chief of the Fire Department and two of the men were terribly burned.

—At Hannibal, near Oswego, New York, early on the 25th, the store of George Leonard was robbed and set on fire. The fire spread to adjoining buildings, causing a total loss of $10 000.

—A freight train ran into a drove of cattle near Slater, Missouri, on the 23d killing three of the animals. The engine and ten cars were thrown from the track and the fireman was killed. Two other train hands were dangerously injured.

—Snow fell on the 25th at Kane and Clarendon, in the western section of Pennsylvania, there being "quite a storm" at the latter place.

—While an Odd Fellows' excursion train was entering Brampton, Ontario, on a steep grade, on the 24th, the rear car became detached. The engineer not knowing what had happened stopped the train and the detached car ran into it with great force. The car contained forty persons, all of whom were injured, though none dangerously.

—A telegram from Pittsburg says the new Edgar natural gas well, set on fire by lightning on the 22d, is still burning, the flames reaching into the air nearly 200 feet. No attempt has yet been made to extinguish the burning gas, and it is probable that it will be left to blow and burn for several days. The Duff well, in Murraysville, also fired by lightning on the same day, is still burning.

—Three men were injured by a powder explosion at the Soddy Mines, near Chattanooga, on the 24th, and all of them have since died. One hundred kegs of powder being taken on a car to the mines were exploded by a spark from the engine.

—The house and barn of David Whittaker, on Jasper creek, in Washington county, Virginia, were destroyed on the 24th, by a water spout, and a Miss Jennie Mangle, who had sought shelter from the storm, was drowned. Whittaker had his jaw broken by falling timbers.

—A large six-story brick and stone building, at the corner of Congress rtreet and Wabash avenue in Chicago was destroyed by fire on the 26th. The occupants were Belford, Clarke & Co., publishers; Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. publishers; Donohue & Hennebury, bookbinders; R. A. Peale & Co., lithographers, and the Central Lithographing Company. The losses are as follows: Building, owned by J. Q. Adams, $100,000; insurance, $83,500. Belford, Clarke & Co., publishers, loss $300,000; insurances, $67,000. Donohue & Hennebury, loss $250,000; insurances $189,800. R. H. Peale & Co., loss, $45,000; insurance, $35,000. The smaller losses aggregate $25,000 Four firemen were injured, one dangerously.

—Cecil Marriage, Chief Engineer of the Water Works at Oskaloosa, Iowa, and his cousin, Hattie Marriage, were drowned at that place on the 25th.

—The War Department knows nothing of the reported action of General Miles in offering rewards for the capture of the renegade Apaches dead or alive. "It is stated that, if such is the case, it is an act for which General Miles alone is responsible, and that it will not be sanctioned by the War Department. There are no funds available for such a purpose, and it is said further that such a course would not be considered civilized warfare even against bloodthirsty savages."

—Marshal Dubois and four deputies left Blackfoot, Idaho, on the 26th, with a car load of convicted polygamists, sentenced to the House of Correction, at Detroit.

—The boiler of a saw mill near Deshler, Ohio, exploded on the 25th, killing William Smith, engineer, and injuring six others, three perhaps fatally.

—Mrs. Bella Slipp, aged 19, while returning from the post-office to her home in Burlington, New Jersey, on the 26th, was met by a negro, who, because she resisted him, beat her on the head with two small cobblestones, laying open the scalp. After lying for some time by the roadside she dragged herself to her home, where a physician was called, who pronounced her dangerously wounded. The Mayor has detailed a number of special officers to search for the negro, whom Mrs. Slipp says she could identify.

—It is reported that the Grand Jury in Chicago, on the 26th, found indictments against a number of Anarchists, including August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Samuel Fielding, Michael Schwab and Hermann Schnawble. It was agreed to withhold the indictments and return no true bills till all the the cases have been disposed of.

—Wayne Anderson, a wealthy farmer, was found murdered on the 23d near Mountain Grove, Missouri. During the Coroner's inquest on the 25th, two of the murdered man's sons, Edward and Henry Anderson and a companion named Ewing Landers, confessed the crime. The confessions were identical, except that the brothers accused each other of the actual shooting.

—A house of evil repute near Rhinelander, Wisconsin, was burned on the 25th, and four of its inmates, two men and two women, perished in the flames. One man escaped from the building, but is fatally burned.

—In the U. S. Circuit Court, at Boston on the 27th, John Gomez, convicted of bringing more passengers from the Cape de Verde Islands in the schooner Spring Bird, than allowed by law, was fined $1000 and costs, amounting in all to about $1300, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the jail at New Bedford. The schooner has been libelled by the government and will be sold to pay the fine and costs imposed.

—The trustees of the estate of Archbishop Purcell, in Cincinnati, having begun suit against the bondsmen of ex-Assignee Manning for $300,000 the amount alleged to have been embezzled by Mannix. Ex-Governor Hoadley is one of the bondsmen.

—John C. Henning was hanged on the 27th at Crawfordville, Indiana, for the murder of Mrs. Lottie Volmer in October last. She was a widow, and broke off her engagement to marry Henning because of his drunkenness.

—The local election in Richmond, Virginia, on the 27th, resulted in the choice of the "Independent Reform ticket," supported by the Republicans and working men.

—A building of the United States Dynamite Works, two and a half miles from Tom's River, New Jersey, blew up on the 27th. Two men were killed—Atwood Hyers, of Tom's River, and John Graham, from West Chester county, New York. The building contained 200 pounds of dynamite, and the vibration caused by the explosion was felt throughout Ocean county. Plastering was shaken from buildings in Tom's River village, window glass was broken at Forked River, thirteen miles distant, and doors were forced open by the concussion at Waretown, seventeen miles away.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In U. S. Senate on the 24th, a number of private pension bills were disposed of. Mr. Gibson spoke at length on the subject of open executive sessions, the Bankruptcy and District Appropriation bills having been temporarily laid aside to enable him to do so. The subject was also discussed by Messrs. Hoar, Platt and Teller. The Bankruptcy bill was then considered. Pending the discussion the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 25th, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Land Forfeiture bill was passed as it was reported. It forfeits all lands except the right of way adjacent and coterminous with the incompleted portion of the road. On motion of Mr. Sewell, the Senate then took up the bill heretofore reported by him from the Committee on Pensions, "to amend the Pensions law by inereasing the pensions of soldiers and sailors who lost one foot or one hand in the service, $36 a month to those who lost an arm above the elbow or leg above the knee, $45 a month to those who lost an arm at the joint or a leg at the hip joint. Mr. Miller offered an amendment extending the provisions of the bill so as to include among the $45 a month pensioners the cases of men whose legs had been amputated so near the hip joint as to prevent the use of an artificial limb. The amendment was agreed to, and as so amended the bill passed. The conference report on the Urgent Deficiency bill was agreed to. After an Executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 26th, the bill for the taxation of railroad grant lands was taken up and discussed, but was laid aside for the Chicese bill. Mr. Sherman explained that the bill was simply intended to explain the meaning of the existing law relating to Chinese immigration. After some debate the measure was postponed and the Sanate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 27th, the bill "restoring to the United States certain of the lands granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company" was discussed during the morning hour. Mr. Miller submitted the conference report on the bill "abolishing certain fees," etc., in connection with American shipping. This is the bill containing the Frye amendment, authorizing the President to deny, by proclamation, to vessels of foreign countries such privileges as are denied to American vessels in such foreign countries. The report was concurred in. Adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 24th, Mr. Dingley, of Maine, from the Shipping Committe, reported back the Shipping bill, with a recommendation that certain of the Senate amendments be concurred in and others non-concurred in. Agreed to. A number of bills were introduced under the call of States and referred. Among them was one by Mr. Bland, of Missouri, "to revive the income tax—the proceeds to be applied to the payment of pensions." Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported the joint resolution proposing a Constitutional amendment on the subject of polygamy. It was placed on the calendar. Adjourned.

In the House on the 25th, the Senate bill for a Staten Island bridge was reported. Mr. Springer, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to enable the people of Dakota to form a Constitution and State Government. Also, adversely the Senate bill for the admission of the State of Dakota and for the organization of the Territory of Lincoln. The Mexican Treaty bill was reported adversely from the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Hewitt presenting a minority report. The conference report on the Urgent Deficiency bill was agreed to. The Oleomargarine bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole, general debate on the bill being continued in evening session.

The House, on the 26th, went into Committee of the Whole on the Oleomargarine bill, and general debate was closed. On motion of Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, an amendment was adopted—65 to 43—to the section defining "butter," so as to exclude from that definition that produce of milk or cream when additional coloring matter is used. Mr. Hammond offered an amendment making it unlawful for any merchant or shop keeper in the District of Columbia or the Territories to sell oleomargarine without labelling it in a conspicuous manner, and requiring hotel, restaurant and boarding-house keepers who use oleomargarine to place in their dining rooms a placard bearing the words, "this house uses oleomargarine," and to have the same words printed on the bill of fare. Agreed to, 92 to 85. Adjourned.

In the House on the 27th, the report of the Conference Committee on the Shipping bill was presented, and, after some debate, agreed to without a division. Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill providing that manufactured tobacco, snuff and cigars may be removed for export to a foreign country without payment of tax, under such regulations as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shall prescribe. The bill also repeals Section 3151 of the Revised Statutes authorizing the appointment of one or more inspectors of cigars in each collection district, to receive as compensation such fees from manufacturers as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may prescribe. The Oleomargarine bill was taken up, but, owing to the "filibustering" tactics of the members opposed to the measure, no progress had been made when the House adjourned.

When You are Sad.

When you are sad, I ask no more
The lavish rights I claimed before,
When sunrise glittered on the seas,
And dancing to the wooing breeze,
The laughing ripples kissed the shore.

The morning glow of love is o'er,
Oh, rosy dreams we dreamt of yore
I do but ask the least of these,
when you are sad.

Let the fresh darling you adore,
With joy's light footstep cross the floor;
But hear the last of all my pleas,
And shut for all but me the door,
When you are safe.

A REVENGEFUL HAND.

I was at one time police magistrate in Ajaccio, a little white city, which sleeps at the edge of an admirable gulf, shut in by lofty mountains.

The cases I had to investigate or prosecute there, were mostly cases of vendetta. In Corsica there are all sorts of vendetta, superb and dramatic as possible, some ferocious, some heroic, You can study there the finest themes of vengeance possible to dream about; hatreds that are centuries old, appeased for a moment, but never totally extinguished, abominable ruses, murder that have the extent of massacres, and sometimes of a character almost resembling a glorious act. For two years I was always hearing about blood-money, and about that terrible Corsican prejudice which compels one to revenge an injury on the person who inflicted it, upon his descendants and upon his relatives. I saw old men, children, and remote cousins murdered; and my head was full of all such stories.

Well, one day I was told that an Englishman had just leased for several years in advance a little country house that stood at the innermost point of the gulf. He had brought with him a French servant, whom he hired at Marseilles, on his way to Corsica.

In a short time everybody was talking about this strange person, who lived by himself, never leaving his house except to hunt or fish. He never spoke to anybody and never went to the city; but every morning he used to practice shooting for an hour or two with a pistol or a carbine.

All kinds of stories began to circulate about him. Some said he was a very distinguished nobleman, who had left his country for political reasons; others said he was trying to hide himself because he had committed some terrible crime. Various peculiarly horrible circumstances were related in connection with the legend.

In my quality as police magistrate I thought it necessary to try and obtain some particulars about the man; but I found it impossible to get any information. He called himself Sir John Rowell.

I contented myself, therefore, with having a close watch set over him; but none of my men could find anything very suspicious in his actions.

After a time, as the queer rumors about him continued, and increased, and became general, I resolved to see the stranger myself; and I made a point of going out hunting every day in the neighborhood of his place.

I had to wait a long time for a chance. It came at last in the shape of a partridge, which I brought down under the very nose of my Englishman. My dog brought it to me; but, taking the bird in my hand, I went to Sir John Rowell's, to excuse myself and begged him to accept the game.

He was a very tall man with red hair and a red beard—very tall, indeed, and also very broad—a sort of placid and petite Hercules. He had nothing of the ordinary British stiffness about him, and he thanked me warmly for my courtesy in the peculiarly accented French of our cousins across the channel. During the following month we had five or or six meetings and brief conversations.

One evening at last, as I was passing by his gate, I saw him in his garden, bestraddling a chair and smoking a pipe. I saluted him, and he invited me in to take a glass of ale. I was only too glad to accept.

He received me with all the minute English courtesy possible, and spoke warmly of France and Corsica, declaring that he loved the country and the gulf shore. He persistently said cette when he ought to have said ce.

Then, with the greatest precaution, I began to question him—disguising my object under the mask of a warm personal interest—about his life and projects. He replied without the least embarrassment, and told me that he had traveled a great deal—in Africa, in India, in America. He added, laughing, in bad French:

"Adventures?—yes; I have had plenty of adventures, Oh! yes!"

I turned the conversation upon hunting, and he began to give me the most curious facts about hippopotamus hunting and tiger hunting and elephant hunting and even gorilla hunting.

I said; "But all those are terribly dangerous animals."

He smiled and said: "Oh! no—the worst of all is man."

Then he burst into a laugh—a big, hearty, self-satisfied English laugh, and observed: "I've done a good deal of man-hunting, too, in my time."

Then he began to talk about weapons, and invited me into a room to show me his firearms, and explain the difference in their mechanism.

His parlor was all hung in black—black silk embroidered in gold. Huge bright yellow flowers blossomed all over the sable texture, shining like fire.

"That," he observed, "is Japanese work."

But in the centre of the largest panel there was a strange thing which caught my eye—a black object relieved against a square of red velvet. I approached it; it was a hand—a man's hand. Not a skeleton hand, all white and clean, but a hand black and desiccated—with the yellow nails, the naked muscles, and traces of blood—blood like a scab—upon the bones at the point where they had been severed, as with the blow of an ax, about the middle of the forearm,

Round the wrist an enormous chain of iron had been riven about the foul relic; and this chain fastened the hand to the wall by a great ring, solid enough to hold an elephant in leash.

I asked, "What is that?"

The Englishman tranquilly answered: "That was part of my best enemy. It is from America. It was cut off with a sabre, and the skin removed with a sharp stone, after which it was dried in the sun for eight days. That was a good thing for me, I tell you."

I touched that fragment of human wreck, which seemed to have belonged to a colossus. The fingers, extraordinarily long, were attacked to enormous tendons, still held in their places here and there by strips of skin. Flayed as was, that hand was something hideous; it made one think involuntarily of some savage vengeance.

I said: "That man must have been very strong."

The Englishman answered gently:

"Oh, yes; but I was stronger than he. I put this chain on the hand to hold it."

I thought he was joking. I said: "But the chain is no use now. The hand can't get away."

Sir John Rowell gravely answered: "That hand always tries to get away. The chain is necessary."

I glanced quickly at his face, thinking to myself; "Is he mad, or is he trying to make a stupid joke!"

But his face remained impenetrable, tranquil and good natured. I turned the conversation to another subject," and began to look at the rifles.

Meanwhile I observed that three loaded revolvers were lying upon different articles of furniture, as if the man were living in perpetual fear of being attacken.

I went to see him two or three times afterward. Then I did not go any more. People had become accustomed to his presence; and he was absolutely indifferent to the rest of the world.

* * * *

A whole year passed. Then, one morning, about the end of November, my servant woke me up with the news that Sir John Rowell had been murdered during the night.

Half an hour later I entered the Englishman's house, with the central commissaryand the captain of the gendarmes The French valet was weeping at the door, terrified and inconsolable. I first suspected him; but the man subsequently proved to be innocent.

The real murderer was never known. The first sight that met my eyes on entering the parlor was the corpse of Sir John Rowell, lying on its back, in the middle of the room.

His vest was torn, one shirt-sleeve, half pulled off, was hanging down; everything indicated that an awful struggle had taken place.

The Englishman had been strangled to death! His blackened and swollen face, frightfully distorted, wore an expression of hideous fear; between his clenched teeth was a bit of something or other, which I could not tell the nature of at first; and his throat pierced with five wounds that seemed to have been made by points of iron, was covered with blood.

A doctor joined us. He examined the marks of the fingers in the flesh for a long time, and then uttered these strange words:

"Why, the man looks as if he had been strangled by a skeleton!"

I felt a creeping sensation; and involuntarily lifted my eyes to the wall—to the place where the horrible flayed hand used to be. It was no longer there. The chain—broken—was dangling from the ring.

Then I bent over the dead man, and between his clenched teeth I found one of the fingers of the vanished hand, severed, or rather sawed off by the teeth, about the middle of the second joint.

Then we proceeded to take testimony. We could not find out anything at all. No door had been broken in, no window, no partition. Even the two watch dogs had never been awakened.

The testimony of the servant was, in substance, as follows:

For a month previously his master had seemed to be very much worried about something. He had received a great many letters which he burned as soon as he had read them.

Frequently he would fly into a rage that seemed like madness, and, taking a whip, would lash the dried hand furiously—the same hand that had been removed from its place on the wall in some mysterious way, at the same time of the murder.

Sir John used to go to bed very late, and always locked himself in carefully. He never slept without having pistols or loaded revolvers within his reach. Often, in the night, he used to shout out very loud, as if he were quarreling with somebody.

That night, by some singular chance, he had made no noise at all; and the valet had only found that Sir John was murdered when he went to open the windows next morning. He did not know whom to suspect.

I communicated all the information I possessed concerning the man to the other magistrates and police officials; and the most rigorous search was made in all parts of the island. Nothing whatever was discovered.

Now, one night, three months after the crime, I had a hideous nightmare. I thought I saw the hand—the horrible hand—running like a scorpion or a spider along the curtains and up and down the walls of my room. Three times I woke up; three times I went to sleep again; three times I saw the ghastly thing running all over my room, and using its fingers like so many legs.

Next day they brought in the hand itself, saying they had found it in the cemetery, and on the tomb of Sir John Rowell, who had been buried there; for we never could find the address of his family. The index finger was wanting.

That is my story, ladies; and that is all I know about it.

All the women had turned pale; some shuddered visibly. One cried out:

But that is no ending of a story; there is no explanation! We shall not be able to sleep to-night if you do not tell us what really happened, or at least, what you think really happened."

The magistrate smiled austerely.

"Oh, as for my opinion, ladies, it will certainly dissipate your terrible fancies. I merely suppose that the legitimate proprietor of that hand was not dead, and that he came back with his other hand to look for it. But how he managed to fulfill his purpose is something, I must acknowledge, which I have never been able to surmise. It was, of course, a sort of vendetta."

One of the women murmured: "No; it could never be!"

The police judge, still smiling, observed; "I told you so! I knew that my explanation would not satisfy you."

The Toad as a Singer.

The humble toad, with its dingy, warty skin, sluggish movements and generally unattractive appearance, was for a long time doomed to calumny and persecution. Writers maligned him and boys persecuted him. Some observing poet brightened his life a little by noting the jewel in his head, his lively and beautiful eye. Later, since painstaking naturalists have studied his habits and described him as a most industrious destroyer of noxious insects, he has been given the freedom of the garden and lawn, where he amply pays for the protection which his acquaintances among men now gladly give him.

It is not generally known to the public that he has no mean vocal powers. His song is fully equal in melody and surpasses in power that of his cousin, the frog, to whom his shrill but not unpleasant notes have been usually credited. He begins his music in spring, shortly after the "peepers" have sung their opening chorus. It consists of a prolonged, rather monotonous, but not unmusical trill on a high key, which resembles somewhat the shorter, well-known note of the tree-toad, so-called; tree-frog, or, be more exact, hyla is the proper name of the latter. There is but slight difference in the pitch of the song of individual toads. When about to perform, he first inflates the skin or membrane beneath his chin until it is distended like a large bubble, and then elevating his head, sends forth his inviting cry, usually responded to by some near or distant fellow.

The sound, which is mostly heard in the evening, penetrates to a long distance. It is heard most frequently about mating time, in spring, although occasionally throughout the summer, especially before rain. The margin of a shallow pond is the most favorable locality to find these performers. The writer recently saw dozens of them swimming about, singing, challenging, sporting and quarreling in a little pool on a warm evening, and spent a pleasant half hour in watching their clumsy frolics.

A Mysterious Congressman.

Mr. Mills is one of the mysteries of Congress. He is never seen or heard of in social circles, and disappears from the public the moment the house adjourns. He is a very reticent man, and has nothing to say about his past, present or future. He never even contributed any facts about his own life to the Congressional directory; neither the date nor place of his birth, nor his whereabouts in the interesting period between 1860 and 1865 are on record. At a guess Mr. Mills is abont 54 years of age, He is of rather slight figure and has gray hair and moustache and twinkling blue eyes. Mr. Carlisle who is a pretty good judge of men, has a singularly high opinion of Mr. Mills, and has always recognized him as one of the leaders of the southern wing of the party.

Come Home, Sweet Rose.

The violet from 'neath the snow
Protrudes her head and kisses the day,
Her gentle breath now whispers low
And words like these her lips essay:

Oh, low, so low, down deep i' the snow
I've lain and sighed for the sun's bright ray;
When soft, so soft, he came from aloft
And coaxed me to come and view the day.

The swallow comes home to build her nest,
The bee awakes from her winter's sleep;
The meadow waves her flowery crest,
The innocent buds through the branches peep.

The garden resumes its brilliant hue,
The flowers their wonted places take;
But the bush whereon the rose once grew
Is clothed in grief and is loth to wake.

To a distant clime the rose has fled,
Her tender leaves by strangers are sought,
Another clime by her breath is fed,
Her cheeks blush sweet for others, I wot.

Come home sweet rose from the distant clime,
Come home sweet rose and take your place,
The garden vacant so long a time
Longs for your blush, your smiling face.

THE CHILD KING.

"Will you go over to Nankin with me, to-morrow?" asked kindly Mrs. Brown of her tired and hard-working neighbor, Mrs. Peters. "You know association meet there, and husband's got to go, so I thought you would like to drive over and see your Aunt Betsey."

"Oh, I should, ever so much! but Dell has got to go to a picnic, to-morrow afternoon, and it'll take me the whole of the morning to iron her white dress. I've just got it washed and hung out; and then there's biscuit to make, she wants 'em fresh. And"—

"O mother!" The words came before the door flew open, and in bounced a young girl of 12, with assurance and poise of 40, dressed in a braided costume that implied a week's hard work from somebody, her light hair banged on her low forehead, cheap rings and bracelets shining on her fingers and arms, a gilt necklace round her sallow throat, over a wide frill of imitation lace, her whole air pert, tawdry, and disagreeable. She barely nodded to the minister's wife, and went on in a loud voice, "Say! Luelle says I'd ought to have some little pies and some cream cakes besides the biscuit, so I run home to tell you."

Poor Mrs. Peter's face fell.

"I don't really see how I can, Dell. It's quite a piece of work to make them cream cakes. I can make some pie crust and fix it up for the pies."

"Oh, but I want the cream cakes! If you make 'em to-night, the pies can wait till morning."

"But, Dell, I've got to get the breakfast and wash the dishes and make the beds and sweep, and then iron your white dress, and you know there's sights of work on it, and you want the ruffles fluted, and"—

"Oh, can't you get up real early?"

Mrs. Brown was indignant. A wise proverb cautions us not to put a finger between the bark and the tree, but she did not remember it. "Why don't you make the cake yourself, Della?" she said. "When I was your age I could make cake. Can't you?"

Della stared at her scornfully; Mrs. Peters put in her word at once.

"Oh, I haven't never asked it of her, Mis' Brown. Dell's real delicate, and she loves to go; children ain't children but once, and I want for her to have a good time. I'll fetch it round somehow, Dell, dear. You tell Aunt Betsey, won't you Mis' Brown, how that I wanted to see her, but I really couldn't get over. I thank you just as much."

Mrs. Brown offered no further remarks. There was a tone of aggrieved motherhood in Mrs. Peters's voice that warned her to keep silence; she said good-bye, and pursuing her walk up the street, rung the bell at a handsome house standing in a well kept yard, that told its own story of wealth within. She was admitted to the parlor and warmly welcomed by Mrs. and Miss Vincent, a wife of middle age, and her sister-in-law.

But hardly had she began to talk with her friends when the door opened, and in rushed four children of various ages, who, after nodding at the visitor, or reluctantly shaking hands, at once monopolized the conversation. In vain did Mrs. and Miss Vincent struggle to be heard.

"O Mary! I was trying to tell Mrs. Brown"—

"Well, ma, I've got to go; I said I would, and"—

"Oh, yes! You told Will Johns you'd go, and you've got to! Just like a girl! I'd"—

"Milly, dear, I want to ask Mrs. Brown"—

"Well Aunt Sue, I must go if Mary goes, and there's that picnic, and"—

So it went on a perfect Babel, which no present effort could silence, it had been so long the habit in this house for the elders to listen and the children to speak.

Mrs. Brown made only a short call; she went but a few steps further to the house of a desolate woman, a widow, who had lost her two children a month since with diphtheria. Mrs. Tenny burst into tears as she came into the room, and Mrs. Brown put her arms about her tenderly.

"My poor friend!" was all that she could say.

"O Mrs. Brown, I can't, I can't be reconciled to it! I miss them every second. Hal used to come in so bright from school—his first year to go, you know; and Susy was always at my knee or on my lap, when she was awake: and in the lonesome nights I used to listen for their soft breathings, and put my hand to feel Susy's little tender face in the crib, and thank God I had them still, if their father had left me."

There was nothing to say to this; as of old, the mother wept for her children and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Brown tried another course.

"They were not both taken at once?" she asked. And the mother ceased weeping for the moment to answer her, and with the pathetic garrulousness of grief entered into detail.

"No. Hal came home from school, one day, so tired, and said his head ached. And I tried to make him keep still on the sofa, but he was restless, and he would go out in the sunshine to see the chickens; it was a hot day in May, and I couldn't make him keep a hat on; pretty soon he sort of crawled back into the kitchen and said his 'froat' was sore, and 'fings kep' goin' round an' round.' Then I sent for Dr. Smith, and he gave me some medicine and a brush and told me to put it on the inside of his throat, and rub some liniment on the outside. But Hally wouldn't let me, and he screamed and kicked so he choked up right away; I couldn't do it, it hurt him so, and he wouldn't let me if I'd wanted to."

"I meant to send Susy away, but she never would stay with anybody but me, the little precious! I never could make her. So she sickened next day, and there couldn't be anything done for her; there wasn't a day between them. And now—now—my house is like a grave all the time."

In the piteous burst of sobbing that followed, could Mrs. Brown speak the thought that filled her heart and say, "My friend, you have fallen into the pit that you have digged; if your children had learned to obey you in health, they might have been with you to-day?"

She could not, deeply as she felt it; the hour for counsel was passed; she could only "weep with those who weep," and betake herself to the next call on her list, for Mrs. Brown was doing parish duty this afternoon.

Mrs. Tibbetts was very glad to see her.

"And how are you all to-day?" asked the minister's wife.

"Oh, we're reasonable well, all but Nelly; she got throwed down at the rink last night, and sprained her ankle real bad. I've expected all along something like that would happen to her."

"Don't you think it is a bad place for girls to go anyway?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Land, yes! But all the young folks are possessed to go, and you can't stop 'em. I wished to goodness the men that built that rink had been further! There's all sorts go there, and they talk to everybody, and get familiar-like with folks you wouldn't have them know no more than nothing. Ther's about as much harm to a rink as there is to a rum hole, but it makes about as much money; so you can't stop 'em; nobody can't."

"Why do you let your girls go there?"

"Mercy! I can't help 'em goin'. Girls is as headstrong as pigs; the more you pull 'em one way, the more they go t'other way. I've always wanted my children to have a good time whilst they was young: there's troubles enough ahead of 'em, so I've let 'em run, and tisn't to expect that I can up and stop 'em now."

There was no controverting that point, so Mrs. Brown said no more,

The next house was Mr. Meeker's. Mrs. Meeker stood at the window, watching with anxious eyes her oldest son, who was experimenting with a new bicycle.

"O Mrs. Brown," she said, looking over her shoulder, "come in, do; I can't go away a minute from the window, I'm so afraid Charley'll fall and hurt himself. He's been crazy after a bicycle, and Mr. Meeker didn't know how to get one for him—they're real costly—and I begged and begged him not to buy one, for I knew well I shouldn't have a minute's peace while he was off with it; but the boy wanted it, and that's enough. What he wants he's got to have. We're behind with the taxes, and I'm fixing over my old clothes rather than ask John for a cent; but Charley's got the length of his father's foot, as folks say, and I don't know why he shouldn't have. Boys must be boys, you know, and I never did believe in making images of 'em, to do just so and be prim and proper all their days. Oh, o-h, there! I thought he was off that time, but he wasn't. I do believe my nerves will be worn to ravelin's with that bicycle. Don't go!"

"I won't stay now, Mrs. Meeker. I know you want to watch Charley. I'll come some other time."

So, quite unattended, Mrs. Brown found her way to the door, and went on to the next house, where Miss Sophronia Packard lived all alone and took in sewing. Mrs. Brown made the usual civil inquiries, and then Miss Sophronia opened the conversation.

"I see you come from Mis' Meeker's; well, I do pity that woman; she hasn't a minute's peace for them children; and here's Mis' Bunnell, next door, is just as bad, though she hasn't got but one, but her May is headstrong, now I tell you. Way, she goes all the time; if tisn't a dance, it's a picnic, or a ride, or a sail. She's as impudent as a bumble bee and as bumptious as a wren, but she isn't of no use in this livin' world, as I see, but to plague her ma. Why, t'other day, Mis' Bunnell found out that May was goin' over to Norwalk in a buggy, with a young feller, at 8 o'clock in th' evenin', calculatin' to come home by moonlight, betwixt one an' two in the mornin', and, naturally, she sot down her foot that May shouldn't go. She didn't know the feller, but she knew real well it wasn't seemly for a gal of 15 to go off that way with any young man, and so she told May; but if you'll b'lieve it, Mis' Brown, that piece just put on her sack and bunnet and walked right out of the door and off with her feller! If I'd been her ma, she'd have got a locked door in her face when she come home."

"O Miss Sophronia; do you think that would have helped the matter? A father's house ought never to be closed on a child, any more than our Father's, least of all when the child's faults are the result of the parent's folly and weakness."

"Well, mabbe, there's something in that, but it does seem to me that something had ought to be done when a girl flies right in her ma's face like that!"

"I'm afraid it is too late to do much at May's age, but pray for her."

"Land! you don't suppose Mis' Bunnell thinks May needs prayin' for? Why, she thinks she's about as nigh perfect as they make 'em; she's clean eet up with the child, all the one she ever had. If you should so much as hint about prayn' for her, I guess you'd raise a muss right off!"

Mrs. Brown tried to control her face, but found it hard. Miss Sophronia's air of fine scorn was irresistible. She changed the subject by saying, "I am sorry Mrs. Phelps has gone away; I meant to have called on her."

"Well, you can if you want too; she ain't gone," said Miss Sophronia, in an acrid tone.

"Not gone! Why, she had wanted so much to see her sister, I thought nothing would hinder her."

"I know it; she hadn't seen Mis' King for three years, but Marian went and asked two girls and the brother to one of 'em to come this week and stay till after the Fourth, and Mis' Phelps wasn't goin' to leave 'em there alone to raise hudy; besides that, her hired girl ain't competent to do for company; but that's the fashion the children rewl nowadays; I feel thankful to goodness every day that I wa'n't never beguiled into the marriage state, and I haven't got no youngsters awalkin' over me and makin' a door mat of me! Not but what I might be like Miss Perkins, to be sure, ef I'd had a nevew, thanks be to praise I ha'n't! But I stepped in there t'other day, and if that woman wasn't a-goin' round the keepin' room on all fours with her sister's boy astride of her back, she asayin', "Oh, do stop, Sammy! I'm so tired, and he awhippin', of her up and a screamin', "Go 'long, hossy! Go 'long hossy." And she did go 'long, till I picked him up with a jerk, and sot him down hard on the nighest chair. My! didn't he holler, and wa'n't she mad? But I'm glad I done it!"

That night Mrs. Brown detailed all that she had seen and heard in her round of calls to her husband as they sat together by the study fire. His face clouded darkly, but he did not tell her what heavy thoughts pierced the future, and saw, as in a vision, impending trouble for the land and the people that he loved. All that he did when his reverie was ended was to draw a deep sigh, and repeat in melancholy tones one text from the Scripture that was his counsel for both lives, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."

And let all the people say, Amen.

ROYAL EQUESTRIANISM.

Some of the Members of British Royalty Who Are Fond of Horses.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is said to be the best rider of the Queen's daughters. While her husband was Governor General of Canada the fair Louise was regarded as a positive marvel on horseback. Princess Beatrice rides well, preferring Scotland and fleet, sturdy Scotch ponies, however. We can imagine her bounding over the heather blooms, waving in purple richness of coloring on the slopes. Her favorite pony is a tidy little hill pony named "Brenda." This is the name of one of the very tenderest of the current writers in England for children. We fall to wondering if there is any connection between the two names. The graceful Princess of Wales, the Queen's daughter-in-law, rides faultlessly, so at least reports David Anderson, the very versatile leader writer of the London *Telegraph*, who accompanied the Prince and suite to Ireland last year. We never had the pleasure of seeing the Princess ride, but can well believe Mr. Anderson, because the Princess is a Dane, and the Danes usually ride well. But we believe the Queen herself once rode better than any of her children. This is the opinion of "our briefless barrister," who generally knows what he is talking about.

To return to the riding house. Over it is a commodious dormitory, made up between the timbers and the roof of twenty-eight sleeping rooms. The saddle horse court is one hundred feet long and the same in width. This court has stables for thirty-nine horses and three loose boxes, with sheds, saddle room and other conveniences. The coach house court is two hundred feet long and about seventy feet wide. There are stalls for forty-one horses, standings for twenty-four carriages, with harness rooms, a brake shed and many other necessary buildings. The loose box court is seventy-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide, with ten boxes and the needed rooms for forage, etc. In one of the rooms of the mews are two Russian sleighs, or "droshkys," presented by the Emperor Nicholas to the Queen. Also there is a very formidable French open carriage presented by Louis Phillippe. It looks far from comfortable, and is very showy and gilded looking, as are most French conveyances. When we are shown the royal horses they are never unblanketed. This is against the rules. They are nearly all English horses, with a few Scotch ones and a few so-called Arabians, not absolutely of Arabian breed. They have thin, lithe-looking legs and broad, solid backs. Never were seen such daintily-housed animals. Their stalls are as clean as a lady's parlor, and every thing is sweet and attractive. One hundred horses are usually at her Majesty's service at Windsor, and of these she takes about forty to Osborne Castle, Isle of Wight. Her Majesty is as fond of horses as she is of dogs, or, indeed, of all domestic animals.

I YIELDED him the palm," as the old lady said when she spanked her erring son.

"YOUR uncle is getting better, I hear."

"Completely cured, my dear boy; active as at 20 years."

"It would be funny if you should die before him; then he would be your heir."

"Oh no."

"How's that? Wouldn't he be your heir?"

"Yes; but that wouldn't be funny."

FIRST BOY—"My ma says I musn't play with you, because your father is nothing but a shoemaker." Second Boy—"So's your father a shoemaker." First Boy—"Ma says he's a manufacturer. He makes a thousand pairs of shoes to your father's one pair." Second Boy—"Then he must be a thousand times worse than my father. I guess I won't play with you any more."

INVENTIVE CRANKS.

A Patent Lawyer tells of Some Funny Experiences with His Clients.

"Do I run across many cranks?" said a well-known patent lawyer in answer to a reporter's question. "Well, young man, all cranks are not inventors, and possibly all inventors are not cranks, but a good many of them are badly hit. Now there is a German who lives on the South Side, one of the most intelligent men I ever met, with no sign of crankiness about him except in one thing. He wants to patent a process for making gold. For over a year he has been dropping into my office and trying to get me to get his papers for him. 'All right,' I'll say, 'explain me your process and I'll make out your application.'

"'Oh, no,' he says, 'no one shall ever know that but myself. They will never know that in the Patent Office even.' And he will get away. I have asked him why he didn't make some gold himself. 'Oh no,' he always replies, the secret is too valuable. I dare not until I get it protected,' and that is all he will tell me. One of the great peculiarities of inventors is their suspicious natures. Whether I look like a rascal or not I can't say, positively, but about half the people who come to me seem to think that I am. They seem to carry the idea that I sit up here like a spider in a web, just waiting to steal some one's idea and patent it.

"About a week ago, a tall, thin-faced young man craned his neck in through the door, and looked all round the room to see if I was alone. Then he walked over, looked under the drawing table and behind the safe, and tried the door to the next room. He was evidently satisfied that everything was safe, for he came up to me and almost whispered: 'I've got something that will make ten thousand dollars a month.'

"'You have?' said I.

"'Yes.' Do you want to take an interest in it?'

"'No,' said I, "I never invest in patents, but if you have a good thing you'll have no trouble in getting capital. What have you got?'

"Again he looked furtively around the room, and then pulled out an envelope. Along the crease, where the flap turns over, he had pasted a string, the ends of which stuck out about an eighth of an inch after the envelope was sealed. The purpose was to take hold of one end of the string when you wanted to open a letter, and by pulling it, open the envelope in the same way that it would be opened with a knife. The scheme is as old as the Patent Office, and in one year there were one hundred and thirty-five applications for a patent on the same thing.

"'My friend' said I, 'do you really think there is ten thousand dollars a month in this?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said. 'I have figured it out, and it will only cost fifty dollars a month to make and sell ten thousand dollars worth.'

"'But,' said I, 'do you know that there are at least one thousand six hundred models of the same plan in the Patent Office now?'

"'It's a lie,' said he getting excited, and let me tell you, mister, I'm onto your little game. I didn't have much confidence in you when I came in here, an' I've got less now. I'll telegraph to the Commissioner of Patents before an hour, an' just shut off your getting out any patent on this. That's what I'll do,' and out he went, and I have seen nothing of him since. A good many of them will bring models here which won't work, because they don't want to show the whole plan. They want a patent, but want to keep their process secret.

"It is surprising how many applications there are upon old inventions. Here a gentleman came in a few days ago with a model of a glass tombstone which he wanted to patent. He was very much surprised and crestfallen when I showed him that there were a number of patents covering the whole business. Another man came to me a month or two ago with the working model of a rotary churn, upon which he wanted a patent.

"See here,' said I, "that looks very much like a machine patented about six years ago, as a washing-machine.'

"'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'It was patented as a washing-machine, but I want to patent it as a churn and then put it on sale out among the farmers to be used for both, don't you see.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you'd better take that home and remodel it so that it can be used as a child's crib also, and then patent it. I'd just as soon have my butter made in a crib as a wash-tub, and there is no more reason why the baby shouldn't be put to sleep in a churn than there is that the family linen shouldn't be washed in it.' I didn't take his case, and can't say whether he got his patent or not."

ABOUT DRUG TAKERS.

The Use of Quinine in War.

With a view of learning something about the drug business a reporter visited one of the popular druggists of Denver, whom he found busily engaged in preparing a prescription. After waiting several moments the gentleman gave the following answers to the reporter's inquiries:

"Now, there is a compound that is composed of just four ingredients. One of these ingredients cost at wholesale exactly 2 cents; the second 1 cent, the third 2 cents and the fourth 3 cents, making in all a cost of 8 cents for that compound."

"How much will you charge your customer for that prescription?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"A handsome profit—exactly 700 per cent."

"Oh yes; but then you see the customer pays 67 cents of the 75 for my experience as an apothecary. Men in other professions do the same, and I can show you a fair comparison. For instance, a physician will look at your tongue, feel of your pulse, and demand a fee of from $2 to $5. It is the same with a lawyer. You visit his office, obtain his advice on a single matter, and occupy his time for about 15 minutes, and he will charge you $10 or $15. Now, I think we druggists have performed as much service as anybody, and all I ask is the small pittance of 75 cents. We prefer the prescription business to selling patent medicines, because the former is the more profitable of the two branches of our trade."

"Is the sale of patent medicines declining or decreasing?"

"I can reply to that question both in the affirmative and negative. Patent medicines are like the craze in garments. They become fashionable and may grow out of fashion. It is not always the best medicines that have the largest sale. A great deal depends upon how they are advertised and brought before the public. A few years ago a man prepared a patent pain annihilator. It was a sort of stuff that deadened pain temporarily, but it was not a permanent cure. It was in fact injurious, for it tended to produce paralysis. The proprietor made a fortune in a very short time by advertising his medicine thoroughly. His pain annihilator was used in almost every family. But it had its rise and fall like the Roman empire, and now I don't think there is any of it manufactured; in fact I know it is not to be found in the market."

"What drugs have the largest sale?"

"Well, I may include in the list quinine, the various preparations of opium, calomel, arsenic, valerian, and—well, I don't think you wish me to go through the entire catalogue of drugs."

"Tell us something about quinine."

"Pills containing two grains of quinine sell for $1.50 and $2 per bottle of 100 pills. The prevalence of malaria in almost all sections of the country during the past few years has caused an immense consumption of the drug. In Kansas and Arkansas, especially, quinine is freely used, and people consider it their only salvation from chills and fever. It has afforded speculators a chance to make a great deal of money by forcing prices up, and they have not been slow in taking advantage of the opportunity."

"Is there a scarcity of quinine in the market?"

"Yes; but not so bad now as it has been. It is fortunate for the government that the United States is not engaged in war at the present time, for if Uncle Sam were compelled to purchase quinine for an army of soldiers at the prevailing high prices of the drug, his treasury would show a weakness from the start. The quantity of quinine that was consumed by the troops during the rebellion was simply enormous. Men who had been accustomed to living in the North, being suddenly transferred to the malarial districts of the South, were exposed to chills and fevers. Had it not been for the excellent antidote found in quinine, half the army, no doubt, would have been sent to the hospitals. I think gunpowder and quinine did a great deal toward bringing the war to a successful termination. Another very successful feature in the drug business is opium."

"By whom is opium mainly bought?"

"By people of all classes. Why, you would be surprised if I would show you a list of my customers who are in the habit of purchasing this drug. The drug is used as freely as tobacco by a certain class, aside from those who use it in physician's prescriptions. These slaves of the opium habit comprise lawyers, preachers, artists, merchants and all kinds of mechanics, tradesmen and laborers. Women as well as men are slaves to the opium fiend. A certain lawyer in a neighboring town, who was connected with a certain famous case not many years ago, is a confirmed slave to the opium pill. At the close of this trial the lawyer made the closing speech, occupying several hours, and many wondered how he could stand the endurance of speaking so long. Had they watched him take an opium pill at the end of every hour they would have known the secret of his wonderful endurance. There are hundreds of people in this city who are such slaves to the drug that they are never without a pill in their pocket to take when necessary. None but those who have fallen into the habit can express the feeling of an opium-eater when without it. I imagine that it must be an awful feeling, more severe than the lack of intoxicating drink to a confirmed drunkard.

"I think physicians are much to blame for people acquiring the opium habit, because they are so willing to prescribe for people who could get along without it just as well as not. An invalid is sleepless or nervous, and opium is given in small doses. By and by larger doses are required, under similar circumstances, and finally the patient finds that it is almost impossible to get along without the drug. The opium habit is an expensive one, and makes wealthy people poor. In this respect it is a great deal more of an enemy to the human race than strong drink, and has more of a tendency to injure a man's business capacity than intemperance."

"There have been a great many changes in the drug business during the past 25 years. When I was a boy the Thompsonian system of treating disease took the people of this country by storm. Packages of preparations of roots and herbs prepared according to the Thompsonian formula were to be found on the shelves of every drug store. The name of this medicine was known in every household. Now we seldom hear it mentioned. The changes in the drug business during a period of 25 years are simply wonderful."

Largest Room in the World.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely maneuver in it. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

SECRET of the philosopher's stone—How to raise the Bartholdi pedestal without being able to raise the necessary funds.

A YOUNG boy who recently left his St. Paul home to attend a preparatory school, is not much taken with the change. He is suffering his first case of homesickness and naturally desires to return to his home. In making known his desires to his father in a recent letter he said:

"Dear Father:

"Life is very short; let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."

PIES AND SANDWICHES.

They Were Too Expensive, So He Did Not Buy.

A pompous man, with flowing side whiskers that would have trailed on the ground but for the lapels of his faded Prince Albert coat, stepped into a cheap eating house recently, and surveyed the place with a critical air. Behind the counter was a man with hands as thick as hams, and a nose that bore evidence that the dregs of many quart flasks had settled in it. He was accustomed to wait on dock wallopers.

"What have you got to eat, me boy?" said the pompous man, with an English accent on the words "what" and "eat."

"I ain't got to eat nothin'," responded the lunch counter dignitary, surlly.

"Ah, no, me boy; of course you haven't. I didn't mean that, don't ye know."

"Naw, I didn't know, or I wouldn't said so. 'Tain't my style."

"I meant to say, me boy, what is there a person can buy to eat, ye know."

"A feller kin most always buy ennything he wants, ef he's got the' stuff, I reckon."

"The stuff, me boy? Ah, y-a-a-s, I understand. But what do you keep to sell in the way of stuff to eat? That's what I mean."

"Why didn't yer say so, then?"

"That exactly what I've been trying to say, dear boy; exactly what I've been trying to say. What have have you got to eat—I mean what have you got for sale that a cove can eat?" reiterated the pompous man, with his blandest English smile.

"Piesandwiches," snorted the man at the lunch counter.

"Pie and sandwiches, ah. Very good. What do you sell the pie for?"

"Money."

"Ah, certainly. But I mean how much?"

"Ten cents."

"And the sandwiches?"

"A nickel."

"May I ask what kinds of pie you have?"

"I ain't got no objections."

"Yes, yes, I see." Well, what kinds of pie have you, dear boy?"

"Pie, pie, an' pie!" ripped out the lunch counter man with a suddenness and emphasis that sent a zephyr through the pompous man's flowing whiskers. He stepped back a few paces, calculated the distance to the door, and paused.

"And you say the pie is ten cents?"

"Yes."

"And the sandwiches a nickel?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the pompous man, "you can let me have a sandwich—a small sandwich."

The lunch counter man began to get the sandwich.

"That is, dear boy," added the pompous man, as he sidled toward the door, "if you can do it for nothing."

He did not get the sandwich, but he would have got it somewhere in the region of the neck if he had not dodged out the door at the exact moment he did.

DIAMONDS NOT ALWAYS RICHES.

How a Few Stones, by Being Reset Often, Serve for Effect.

A gentleman walked into a jeweler's store in Maiden Lane, New York, recently, and handing over three diamond shirt studs asked to have them reset. He wanted a new design, and minutely described how the work should be done. "You have no idea," said the jeweler, "how many persons come in here to change the setting of the gems. A stud is made to serve in a cuff button, a collar button or a ring, according to the owner's fancy. But this practice of changing the setting is not caused all the time by fancy. There is method in it. A show of wealth, you know, goes a long ways toward bringing it in.

"Evidence of prosperity is a sure road to success nowadays. I know of one man who has had five diamonds set in as many different ways in one year. The stones are good ones and are worth the work; but, you see, he makes his acquaintances think he is loaded down with diamonds. For a few months he will wear plain diamond shirt studs; then he will have a set of fancy enameled studs, different finger rings and cuff buttons. A man who can afford so many diamonds must have money, is the conclusion people come to, and he is thus given chances to make more money, which otherwise he would not have. Ladies do the same thing, but from a different motive. Of course with some of the men vanity has something to do with the matter, but with woman it is all vanity and hardly ever caprice.

"Same of the designs are very unique. The man I referred to awhile ago is always studying up some new and unusual design for the setting of his gems. Not long ago he was wearing two shirt studs. The upper one was a fine enameled gold piece made in the form of a man hanging to a tree, with two diamond eyes starting out of the head. The whole stud was about an inch long, and the two smallest of his diamonds were used. The second stud was a little child with an eagle plucking out his eye. The diamond glistened in the eagle's beak at the point of its contact with the child's eye. He had a ring in the form of a skeleton, and serpents for sleeve buttons. He called this his horrible set, and wore it for about three months, when he had the settings changed. If any curious person asked him about it he would answer that he had got tired of wearing it, and left it at home in his collection. That man's fine diamonds, which are worth about $350, have represented ten or fifteen different sets, the value of which would be about $10,000. He has spent about $125 in having them reset, and procured about $10,000 worth of reputation on it.

Some idea of the pressure exerted on the grips of the Brooklyn bridge may be gained from the knowledge that every loaded car passing over it weighs about 44,500 pounds.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.

THE OCHESTRA INTERPRETS THE STORY IN ITS OWN WAY.

The True Way To Judge Fairly of the Music You Hear—A Trouble Among the Instruments—A Thunder-Clap in a Storm—The End.

The fat violinists had come up from the regions below, and were scraping the strings of their instruments and testing by picking "plink," "plink," "plunk," "ploonk," to see if they had slipped any during the last ten minutes. "Did you ever hear that piece?" said my neighbor softly, as they began the next selection. I never had. "Well, I heard it in Paris, and thought it charming. Let the orchestra interpret it for you. I am very fond of descriptive music. At concerts I let the orchestra do everything. I don't care to read the name of the composer of any piece. I just shut my eyes, open my ears wide or let my imagination loose to enjoy the stories, scenes—harsh or tender, the storms and the sunshine—which the orchestra creates and fashions and tells me ine in its own way. I somehow think it is the only true way to judge fairly of what you hear. Just try my plan for once," and he slipped down lower in his seat, threw his head back, closed his eyes and locked his fingers one into the other across his lap.

A PATH BY THE CLOVER FIELD.

I tried to do as he bade me. The first bars were clear, sweet and sonorous arpeggios, possibly a beautiful "village scene at sunrise." Some light, tripping, fleeting notes, delicate, airy things, were, I thought, the thin, unsubstantial mists of morning fading away into the woods. Here comes the deep, grave and slightly unsteady voice of the viola along the path by the clover field. His tone indicates satisfaction with himself and peace with the world for the present. He does not soliloquize long before he meets the 'cello, who tells a tale of wrong in a sort of low moan. The story is a sad one. It is clear, for viola's sympathy becomes aroused and she threatens to lose her head. The two groan together in a most melancholy and touching way. Can it be a story of domestic wrong, or of young love trampled under foot after it had given its all, or the "blighted affection of age?" I am curious to know. There is no longer any mistake, for here comes the shrewish clarinet with hersharp tongue which she puts into the master at once and stirs up discord. The three have a short talk and the 'cello soon gets tired of the clarinet and tells her to go, but she will not.

This threatened trouble is averted by a clear note from a horn. Are we going to see a hunting party come by? No, no, it's that old man over there next to the wall blowing his nose. This note is not in the score, and we will not let it have any place in the story. During the confusion the flute, generally so mild and pursuasive, has come into the party, but in a bad humor. It is teasing with might and main. It snaps at the first violin and tries to worry him by repeating everything he says, but keeps two or three bars behind, just to get all the other folks into a bad humor. The double basses cannot stand such provoking treatment any longer and break in with an ominous growl, which makes matters worse. The quarrel is getting hotter, and the flute is more angry every moment, and is as spiteful as possible with the violin. There is no getting rid of her. The other violins join with their injured brother, and come down in a whirlwind of sound on that flute. The poor thing is drowned for a second or two, but when last heard was defiant still.

A THUNDER CLAP IN A STORM.

All of a sudden "Dzing!" crashes out the cymbals like a clap of thunder in a rising storm. Perfect silence is the result. Here is then, after all, what was wanted to break up the quarrel. One such blow seems to have been enough. Not much. Like a little cricket, when quiet is restored, the flute pokes its head out and says, half timidly, "Peep, peep." "Dzing!" comes another clap, as if to say, "Not enough yet!" More silence, but the little "peep, peep" is heard again, which is growing bolder every second. "Dzing!" "peep, peep," "dzing!" "peep, peep" they rush at each other, and have cut and thrust in regular duel style. That is a plucky flute, and the big strong cymbals ought to give the little thing some show, even if it is apparently out of humor. But they will not, though she stands up and fires back in fine style. The quarrel, as might be expected, involves other instruments; and finally, every one is forced to take one side or the other. They do so, protesting timidly at first, but it soon gets worse. From crescendo it is soon almost sforzando. The cymbals think they can do everything and fight everybody, but the cry is, "Down with the loud-mouthed, obstinate creatures." The excitement has spread to the conductor. He stands on the tips of his thin pumps, the skirts of his swallow-tails fly from one side to the other of his body, his hair is in confusion, for his head is never still, and his white-gloved hand, holding aloft the silver tipped baton, is sawing the air and beating in every direction.

It is a wild old time. Every instrument is now in the thick of the fight, and no outsider, except possibly my neighbor, who has never opened his eyes, but is resting as calmly as if asleep, can see where the thing will end. Such a whistling and howling and scraping. Look at those musicians. They are full of music. Every fiber in their bodies is vibrating to the touch of some emotion or other. What will be the result of this thing? It is certainly a pitched battle and hard fight between the cymbals with all the others combined. Who will win? The bellow of that saxophone sets the conductor dancing; it may be from rage at a false note. No, I think not; it must have been in the score. The conductor evidently knows the whole thing. He wanted to see those scymbals beaten, and welcomed reinforcements. The turning point has come, and, the cymbals worsted, retreat from the field, and quiet settles down at last, which continues but for a moment, when the rapturous applause of the audience sets the whole building vibrating. The conductor turned, bowed graciously and wiped the moisture from his brow, and the musicians rested their instruments quietly on their knees.

My neighbor had opened his eyes and partially raised himself, but had uttered no word. I heard the man next to him on the other side say to him curiously: "That was a very funny thing, wasn't it? What is the name of it?"

"That," he answered slowly and impressively, "is Mendelssohn's 'Hymn to Grief,' and is not to me, sir, at all funny, but very, very fine." I had nothing to say. Just at that moment I caught a glimpse of the young couple. They were still laughing and talking.—Baltimore American.

Photography in the Deep Sea.

And now comes a man who wants to lower very sensitive photographic plates to the bottom of the sea, so as to find out how much light gets down there, and incidentally to obtain pictures of Spanish galleons and treasure chests and other valuables which are supposed to cover the ocean bed.—Texas Sittings.

The fund for a monument to Peter Cooper now amounts to $19,000.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1884 AND 1885

Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of Unseated Tracts of Land for the non-payment of Taxes, notice is hereby given, that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in the County of Centre for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on

MONDAY, JUNE 14, A. D., 1886, at one o'clock p. m.

CHARLES SMITH, Treasurer.

BENNER TWP.

Ac'rs.	Per	Warrantee.	Taxes
120		J M Hale	6 72
50		Andrew Coon	$ 4 19
58		Robert Homes	3 20
50		John Moore	4 19
50		J D Harris	4 19
100		J D Shugert	5 60
30		Unknown	2 51

BOGGS TWP.

305	112	John Cochran	34 50
397	145	D Carscadden	45 54
143		Ann Deal, part	16 19
418	40	Wm Hood	49 43

BURNSIDE TWP.

415		Jas Black	14 94
433	163	Robert Brady	15 57
433	163	Wm P Brady	15 58
433	163	John Brady	15 57
433	163	Alex Bell	15 58
415		John Boyd	14 94
438	163	Wm Bell	15 57
433	163	Wm Cook	15 58
433	163	John Cowden	7 82
433	163	Wm Dewart	7 82
433	163	John Dewart	7 82
433	163	Henry Donnelly	7 82
433	163	Robt Gray	7 82
433	163	Wm Gray	7 82
433	163	Alex Greeves	15 57
433	163	Thos Grant	7 82
433	163	Chas Goben	7 82
433	153	Chas Hall	15 72
140		Henry Harris	15 12
433	164	John Housel	7 82
433	165	John Kidd	15 57
415		Nathaniel Levy	14 94
433	163	John Lyon	7 82
200		Wm Miller	7 20
433	163	Joseph Morris	15 57
216	83	Jere Parker ½ of	7 75
433	163	Henry Shaffer	7 82
433	163	Samuel Scott	15 57
433	163	Jas Towers	14 94
415		Jos Thomas	14 94
415		Jos S Wallace	14 94
433	163	Jos Wallace	15 57
415		John Wetzel	7 48
123		Henry Wheeler	4 41
433	163	Bird Wilson	15 47
204		Martin Withington	7 57

CURTIN TWP.

309	19	N L Atwood	46 50
300		N L Atwood	62 00
450		Jesse Brooks	12 00
115		Jesse Brooks	7 00
219		D Carscadden	24 20
300	120	do	24 00
387		Lindley Coats	60 00
411		Peter Dehass, ⅔ of	55 97
415		Esther Eddy	74 69
411		Cadwalader Even	55 97
415		Wm Elliot	120 00
15		Wm Gilbert	120 00
433	120	Chas Hall	72 00
60		Ed Hallowell	12 00
203		Jas Irwin	60 00
403		Rebecca Kelso	72 00
380¾		Jos Kelso	66 00
400		J B Long	96 00
207½		Cable Lowns	60 00
207½		Isaac Longstreth	60 00
207½		Cable Lowns	49 00
207½		Isaac Longstreth	60 00
70		John S Mason	16 89
200		Philip Meyer	60 00
100		Simon Meyer	30 00
420	48	Michael Meyer	120 00
420		Valentine Meyer	120 00
196		James Miller	42 00
200		John Palmer	6 20
415		Joseph Taylor	37 20
415		Jacob Wain	72 00
415		Casper Wister	126 00
160		Jon Willits	18 00
433	163	Jas White	120 00

FERGUSON TWP.

100		Oliver James	8 20
150		A Barton Sloat, ow'r	12 30

GREGG TWP.

60		And Carson	1 41
150		John Cowden	3 53
178	127	And Carson	1 66
130		David Duncan	12 22
250		Wm Hepburn	5 88
380		Barnard Hubby	8 94
53	63	Wm Hahn	4 70
52		Jno M'Clintock, ow'r	1 22

HAINES TWP.

359		Henry Ap'ls	7 58
242	60	Thomas Barr	5 02
250	60	Jas Barr	5 20
259	60	Mary Barr	5 36
87		John Barron	1 73
154		Henry Beck	3 16
344	16	John Bolinder	7 06
338	60	Henry Bolinder	6 92
325	60	Fred'k Bolinder	6 68
313	60	Adam Bolinder	6 40
135		H B Crowley	2 76
382	163	Peter Epler	7 84
438		And Epler	9 28
181		Jacob Fees	3 70
262	40	Gillian, H & S Snyder	5 38
233		Same	5 20
435		Chas Hall	9 92
417	108	John Hartman	8 38
267	60	Mary Links	2 60
418	99	Geo Kreamer	8 50
200		Wm Parker	4 10
300	60	Albright Swineford	6 16
179	170	Stover & Wolf	3 46
347	123	Catharine Snyder	5 08
200		do do	4 10
88		Wm Tidd	94
405		Simon Grates	8 35
110		J G Meyer	2 24
100		George Fowler	2 06
106		Mathias Workman	2 16
280		James Black	6 04
144		Peter Black	2 94
135		H B Crowley	2 78
458		Adam Epler	8 38
395	80	Wm Tidd	8 08
368		Philip Gher	7 54
209		Wendell Grove	4 26
25		Calvin M Hayes	25
400		Jos Henry	8 30
173		Robt McElroth	8 58
327		Samuel Metzgar	6 78
162		John Matz	3 36
120		Daniel Rhodes	2 49
442		David Scribner	9 17
388		George Seidel	8 05
303		Peter Seidel	6 27
288		Philip Seidel	8 05
423		E H Scribner	8 76
243		Geo Snyder	5 02
45		Joseph Thompson	33
446		Henry Spiker and C Weiser	9 25
196		Award	3 85
200		Catherine Snyder	4 15
18		Castonas Thomas	37

HALF MOON TWP.

400	120	Richard Joliff	56 00
216		Josiah Lumburn	30 29
54		Isaac Sherer	99
24		Jno T Fowler, own'r	1 44
63	89	do do	3 81
67	76	do do	4 00

HARRIS TWP.

196		J C Fisher	3 81
133		Geo Fox	2 72
400		Jas Forbes	3 90
400		Wm Harrison	3 90
50		John Irwin	26
400		Robt Patterson	3 99
400		James Reed	3 90
407	92	Kearney Wharton	4 37

HOWARD TWP.

107	104	Samuel Brown	4 70
217		Sarah Bohman	1 17
154		Joseph Green	13 53
25		Jos Graysburg	1 10
215		Martha Godfrey	4 73
415		do do	9 13
55		Jas D Harris	2 59
130		J J Lingle	1 44
160		Jon Willis	7 52
50		White & Nestlerode	3 80

HUSTON TWP.

433	163	Jas Baxter	9 20
200	11	Wm Chancellor	4 20
120		Adam Kuhn	10 20
433	163	John Price	9 19
433	163	John Rollington	9 19
102		J C Wasson, owner	4 29

LIBERTY TWP.

50		D Carscadden	42
80		Wm Correll	1 88
166		Robt and Jas Hays	18 91
175		Geo D Hess	7 16
309	3	Robt Irwin	23 48
250		John Jackson	4 25
310		Jere Jackson	11 78
200		Daniel Krouse	3 40
50		Thos King	34
180		Peter Lytle	3 80
150		do do	3 80
400		Mathew Leech	1 70
400		do do	1 70
½ of 200		Christ Nestlerode	34
30		Thos King	7 65
400		Job W Parker	6 70
175		Jas A Quigley	13 76
349		Christian Smith	68
80		Robert Smith	4 09
100		John Potter	3 16
168		Shaw & Lingle	

MARION TWP.

42	66	John Corman	1 47
31		Adam Decker	7 38
17		Thos Lewis	2 89
20		Thos Lucas	16
50		Wm Tilghman, ow'r	10 20
19		Isaac Frain, owner	4 15
28		Jno Zeigler, do	7 14
60		Simon Yarger	3 06
60		Simon Yarger	3 06
½ of 199		Paul Zantzinger	4 92

MILES TWP.

125		Moore Wharton	2 23
430		Robert Bredy	7 64
410		Hannah Bady	7 30
255		Jane Brady	4 53
200		John Brady	3 55
440		Wm P Brady	7 81
290		Wm P Brady	5 15
20		Henry Antis	36
424		Geo Calhorn	7 52
403		Jas Carothers	7 18
412		Wm Cooper	2 67
125		John Dorsey	2 22
320		Jas Fearon	5 68
429		Robt Gray	7 60
476		Thos Grant	8 44
130	123	Simon Gratz	1 36
460		Alex Hunter	7 96
250		Jere Jackson	4 44
300		Aaron Levy	5 52
425		Samuel Norton	7 55
300		Wm. Parker	5 32
224		Richard Parker	5 76
324		Jere Parker	5 76
125		Wm Steadman	3 55
200		Thos Smith	3 55
100		Abraham Scott	1 77
50		Samuel Scott	89
150		Abraham Scott	2 67
125		Samuel Scott	1 60
320		Robt Taggart	2 31
425		Robt Toand	7 51
324		C Long, owner	1 77
357		John McCally	2 23
125		Wharton Moore	7 55
300		Wm David	1 60
300		John Wolf	8 88
401		Wm Herman	7 40
371	46	Jas Cummings	6 88
357		Wm Boyde	6 60
300		Wm Grant	5 55
413		Thos Boyde	7 66
300		Jos Tripp	5 73
125		Thos Smith	7 47
430		John Brown	7 87
410		Wm Hough	7 77
255		Samuel Tripp	7 46
200		Hugh Boyde	7 53
		Peter Tripp	3 70
404		Thos Miles	7 69
410		Jacob Princeton	7 40
415		Stophel Seidell	7 40
400		John Seigfreid	7 40
400		John Seigfreid	5 27
400		Daniel Seigfreid	7 40
400		Jacob Seigfreid	5 27
400		Jacob Hoffman	2 78
17		Martin Wister	3 14
34		Wm Cooper	4 44
150		Wm Cook	46
150		Robt Taggart	46
200		James Steadman	31
100		Robert Latimore	200
17		Daniel Williams	6 76
965		Thos Carothers	3 70
200		John Brady	8 77
250		Wm Brady	4 63
250		John Housel	4 63
402	134	Wm Miles	3 11
250		Wm Cooper	4 63

PENN TWP.

		Jas Armstrong	5 25
		Wm Cook	9 89
	10	John Cowden	5 25
	10	John Cowden	5 25
		Wm Cook	1 56
		Wm Cook	5 28
		Thos Hamilton	5 25
		James Hepburn	3 55
	31	Jas Hepburn	3 55
		John Kennedy	3 55
		Jas Kennedy	5 25
	89	And Kennedy	3 17
	161	John Kennedy	3 24
	8	Jas Kennedy	3 31
200		Robt Lyon	7 00
200		Ezekial Lyon	7 00
200		Benj Lyon	7 00
200		Robert Lyon	7 00
200		Ezekial Lyon	7 00
200		Benj Lyon	7 00
200		John McCally	7 00
200		Wm McCally	7 00
100		Daniel Montgomery	5 50
100		Wm Montgomery	3 50
200		John McCally	7 20
400		John Swineford	15 50

POTTER TWP.

100		Adam Bartges	4 40
288		Mary Bound	6 30
300		John Brown	13 20
81	111	Alex Cameron	2 20
100		David Cougal	2 10
450		Wm Dewart	2 20
150		Jasper Ewing	4 40
200		H B Fullmer	20
400		Jas Forks	4 20
400		Edward Garigus	8 80
400		Wm Garigus	8 80
100		Christ Getty	2 20
200		Chas Gobin	4 40
150		Thos Martin	3 30
105		Geo McClellan	2 31
880		Wm Colder, owner	12 75
34	83	Jac Roop	2 85
150		Wm Sawyer	2 20
100		H Vanderslice	1 10
199		Samuel Young	52

SPRING TWP.

419		John Johnson	4 88
186	115	John Purdue	5 02
300		Catherine Robison	8 10
300		Rebecca Robison	8 10
150		Richard Robison	4 05
100		J Gorden Est., ow'r	2 70

SNOW SHOE TWP.

433	153	Wm Bingham	88 74
433	153	Felix Burnot	88 74
325		Wm Banks	12 35
325		Wm Banks	12 35
60		Geo Clymer	7 88
433	153	Geo Campbell	88 74
433	153	Paul Cox	88 74
433	153	Thos Cuthburt	88 74
412		D Carskadden	15 43
412		D Carskadden	15 43
433	153	Sharp Delaney	88 74
300		Jos Devling	24 60
300		Jos Devling	61 50
218		Samuel Dobson	35 72
309		Jos Devling	5 70
433		Geo Eddy	53 25
200		Thos Fitzsimmons	16 40
60		Robt Gray	7 88
433	153	Thos Hawthorn	88 74
433	153	Jas Hawthorn	88 74
433		Jas T Hale	71 02
433		Jas T Hale	6 15
433		Samuel Linn	71 02
433	153	Wm Lewis	88 74
433	153	Wm Lewis	88 74
200		J Z Long	5 70
200		J Z Long	3 80
353		John Liggett	13 41
70		John S Mason	16 80
433		Jas McMannus	71 02
433	153	M T Milliken	53 25
409	73	N J Mitchell	50 25
433		Benj R Morgan	71 02
400		Alex Martha	7 60
433	153	Jasper Maylan	71 02
433	153	Ed Mayston	71 02
433	150	Blair McClanahan	71 02
433	153	Geo Meade	62 09
433	153	Wm McPherson	62 09
433	120	Luke Misner	71 02
433	153	Robt Morris	80 04
400		Alex Martin	15 20
433	113	J P Norris	47 32
433	153	J P Norris	8 84
436	153	Wm Parker	71 02
216		Jere Parker	55 58
216		do	95 58
435		Geo Parker	16 45
216		Robt Rainey	8 21
300		Job Reily	49 20
433	153	Thos L Shippen	71 02
433	153	Ed Scott	71 02
433	153	Margaret Spear	16 45
162		Jos Tompkins	9 93
433	153	Benj H Tallman	71 02
433	152	A S Valentine	71 02
433	153	Rebecca Walts	71 02
433	153	Moore Wharton	71 02
433	153	Elizabeth Wharton	71 02
5-9 of 433	153	Mary M Wharton	39 50
1-9 of 433	153	Mary M Wharton	7 38
433	153	Francis West	71 02
433	154	Benj West	71 02
169		Francis West	13 04
415		Richard Wain	4 11
433	153	Kearney Wharton	16 45
400		David Williams	12 35
400		do	12 35

RUSH TWP.

433	153	John Allison	183 91
328		Jas Allison	139 04
250		Allison, Andrew and John Lilly	159 00
327	10	And Armstrong	11 52
164	10	Jas Allison	16 54
390	116	Ann Arthur	30 42
394	117	Thos Arthur	30 78
433	153	Isaac Britches	45 03
433	163	David Beverage	11 52
433	153	Daniel Brickley	47 70
433	153	Peter Prutzman	137 80
200		John Burg	15 90
433	153	John Boreland	19 08
40		Samuel Chestnut	6 39
100		Geo Clymer	53 00
100		Geo Campbell	53 00
300		Thos Cuthburt	159 00
80		J H Corkendon, ow'r	12 72
393		Samuel Chestnut	10 21
433	163	Sharp Delaney	11 52
253		Wm Dentler	93 53
122		Philip Eberman	6 47
433	153	Thos Edwards	116 80
300		Thos Erskine	7 80
433	153	John Funk	22 93
250		Thos Fitzsimmons	13 25
153		Ed French, owner	20 12
434		Thos Grant	33 85
216	156	do	16 78
216	156	do	68 90
433	163	Jas Glentworth	11 52
433	153	Elizabeth Groe	7 93
100		Robt Gray	53 00
121	152	Groe & McKeon	3 18
433	153	Christian Hair	34 45
426	164	Christian Hair	33 92
433	153	David Hair	34 45
216	156	Thos Hamilton	68 90
433	153	John Hand	34 45
433	163	Hugh Hamilton	22 93
433	163	John Hopkins	47 70
433	153	John Huber	34 45
423	153	Reuben Haines, Jr	22 51
216	80	Hugh Hamilton	16 85
433	153	Robert Irwin	137 80
433	153	do do	46 11
433	153	Owen Jordan	34 45
100		Robt King	42 40
164	10	Jas Kerr	86 92
433	163	Bennet Lucas	11 25
433	163	Geo Lattimore	11 52
135	163	Wm G Lattimore	3 60
15		Casper Lawrence	3 96
433	153	Christian Lenhore	21 91
394	106	John Loden	24 91
50		A B Long	13 25
418		Casper Lawrence	10 85
433	163	Ed Mayston	11 52
200		Wm McPherson	5 30
433	153	John Miller	34 45
433	163	Jacob do	34 45
433	163	Martha McConnel	11 52
433	153	Geo Mead	61 73
433	153	B R Morgan	45 95
433		McCord & A Campbell	15 90
433	153	Robt Miller	22 93
433		Jacob Metzger	11 25
433		Jane Miller	11 25
433	153	Robt Miller	11 25
433		Hugh Patton	17 10
433	153	Richard Peters	45 95
100		Passmore, Jas Bryant and Haslet	15 90
433	153	Thos Reese	229 45
433	153	Christian Rohrer	34 58
433	153	Jacob Rudesill	52 97
405	47	Jacob Rinh	107 31
433		Wm H Robbson	1 06
37		do	1 06
433	153	Casper Schafner	229 45
433	153	And Shenk	34 45
433	153	Michael Shenk	34 45
433	153	Christian Shenk	34 45
247	16	Jacob Steck	19 64
433	157	Robert Spear	68 90
433	153	Mary Smith	23 62
167	7	Geo Slough	13 25
247		And Scott	17 38
433	153	Jacob Slough	97 24
433	153	Geo Slough	34 45
200		Joseph Sands	31 80
433	153	Elenor Siddons	22 50
193		Ed French, owner	20 42
406		Barbara Snyder	31 67
433	153	Jacob Slough	33 80
122	44	John Weldman	82 33
402	16	Jacob Weldman	106 53
326¾		John Wilson	37 10
75		Wm Wilson	21 80
313	106	John Witmer	24 91
80		Henry Witmer	21 20
306	100	Wm Wilson	81 17
384	26	Wm Miller	9 22
4		Thos McCalmont	88
500		Henry McEwen	5 75
500		Capt. and Mary Osman	5 05
74		Capt Osman	1 19
74	25	Capt Osman	2 30
200		Richard Parker	1 72
86	40	Job Packer	2 02
89	40	Jas Packer, Jr	2 15
182		Richard Purdon	7 20
50		Benj Piles & Co	30
400		Jere Parker	3 45
150		David Reed	7 20
175		Rachael Robison	7 20
441		Sam'l Robison	10 61
100		John Purdon	2 40
242	88	Jas Sutler	11 62
34		do	79
75		do	1 79
382	36	Daniel Smiley	9 23
560		Henry McEwen, ow'r	14 38
30		Amos Wickersham	71
12		Robt Wilson	30

WORTH TWP.

		J B Gray	18 25
250		P B D Gray	8 00
25		Widow Morris	5 45
50		Jno Swanswick	7 30
109		Geo Kelly, owner	14 60
160		Jon Laird, owner	5 49
58		Laid Abednigo, ow'o	6 27
¼		W H Blair, owner	58

CHARLES SMITH, Treasurer.

UNION TWP.

298½		Ebinezer Branham	30 10
200		P R Kuhn	17 60
100		Samuel Philips	17 60
383		P B Crider & Son, ow'r	86 00

WALKER TWP.

99		Wm Ackert	1 19
92	40	Root Askers	2 15
143	11	Wm Ackert	1 65
212	110	John Baker	8 16
212		Samuel Barkmen	10 38
162		Ruth Brooks	3 11
247	65	Robt Baker	5 73
300		Wm Brady	7 20
260	129	Mary Currier	6 72
60		Mary Currier	1 44
15		Margaret Daugherty	71
230	135	Elizab'th Daugherty	5 28
111	42	Mary Daugherty	69
98		do	58
69	19	Jesse Evans	1 65
100	39	do	2 40
92	26	Wm Eckert	2 22
80		Geo Fry	3 84
243	55	Wm Gilbert	5 81
123		do	2 96
211	98	do	1 22
59	72	Peter Hahn	6 10
65	40	Wm Hahn	1 54
59	40	David Johnson	1 44
161		John Knox	7 20
569		Mary McEwen	2 53
327	160	Wm Mansel	8 45
98	204	John Mercer	2 17
327	100	David Mercer	8 45
384	36	Wm Miller	9 22
4		Thos McCalmont	88
500		Henry McEwen	5 75
500		Capt. and Mary Osman	5 05
74		Capt Osman	1 19
74	25	Capt Osman	2 30
200		Richard Parker	1 72
86	40	Job Packer	2 02
89	40	Jas Packer, Jr	2 15
182		Richard Purdon	7 20
50		Benj Piles & Co	30
400		Jere Parker	3 45
150		David Reed	7 20
175		Rachael Robison	7 20
441		Sam'l Robison	10 61
100		John Purdon	2 40
242	88	Jas Sutler	11 62
34		do	79
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382	36	Daniel Smiley	9 23
560		Henry McEwen, ow'r	14 38
30		Amos Wickersham	71
12		Robt Wilson	30

WORTH TWP.

		J B Gray	18 25
250		P B D Gray	8 00
25		Widow Morris	5 45
50		Jno Swanswick	7 30
109		Geo Kelly, owner	14 60
160		Jon Laird, owner	5 49
58		Laid Abednigo, ow'o	6 27
¼		W H Blair, owner	58

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Freckles can be removed from the face with sandpaper.—

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—fonte, and offers to the pub—
—lic a large line of elegant—
—new goods, comprising—

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Beautiful designs in Embroidery, Collars and Cuffs, Silver Ornaments, Kid and Lisle Thread Gloves, Laces, Towels, &c., &c., &c.

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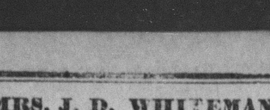
ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.
21ap2m] Three doors from corner of Bishop.



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AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THIS most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

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SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

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PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & CO. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

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We believe the **RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE** has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money into it so liberally. We have put more into it than money —money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake our reputation on it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and add their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

We send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only $2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you.

Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

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AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

A TRIP OVERLAND.

NOTES OF A TWENTY-FIVE-DOLLAR TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Glance Inside the Pullman of an Eastward Bound Train—The Beginning of Acquaintanceship — At Ogden and Omaha—Break-Up at Chicago.

The first night on a sleeper is one of uneasiness. Nobody sleeps well. People look askance at each other, and wonder who is who. Nervous, untraveled women scent the confidence man in every male biped in the car; they sprinkle themselves with buhach before retiring. Women who are old campaigners, finding themselves relegated to upper berths, make their moan within earshot of men who have lower berths. It generally answers—invariably if the women are pretty or stout. Let a man be the greatest boor that ever breathed, and he will change with alacrity if a fat woman has his upper berth. There is a gruesome story extant of the top berth breaking down under the pressure of feminine adipose. The lower berth was reduced to primal chaos, while the feminine adipose lay among the debris sound in wind and limb. Still the lower berth is the favorite.

There are other unpleasantnesses to be expected on that first night. Nobody is settled, and nobody knows what to do with clothes and valises. Men constantly mislay their boots. Sometimes to avoid this they wear them to bed. The placards posted up in the bed-rooms of western hotels—"Gentlemen must not go to bed with their boots on"—would be effective on a sleeper. Men also are prone to hang their hats on the wrong pegs. A man feels uncomfortable when, having laid him down to sleep, a feminine hand and arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, suddenly rises from the other side of the partition, and gently but firmly removing his hat, replaces it with a bonnet. When bed-times comes, and the porter in his white coat makes up the berths, there is quite a bustle of excitement; the novelty of the situation charms.

THE BEGINNING OF ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

The next morning people settle down to work and take their bearings. Tempers are in desbabille, and one can form a pretty accurate estimate of one's fellow travelers. The women, after each spending an hour in the dressing-room, emerge, pluming themselves, and curled. Most of them hurry to their seats with a hang-dog air, guiltily conscious of having used all the clean towels. Now and then a bolder one saunters down the aisle, challenging criticism. The men straggle up in lazy Indian file. They come hurtling down from the upper berths like giant antediluvian birds. The checked gentleman lies abed late, as does the young lady who has the berth below his. Roused from his slumbers by the still, small voice of the porter, he braces his feet against the footboard and takes a glorious stretch. With a rending of wood the footboard falls out, and Angelina lies confessed, wrapped in fur cloaks and rugs, and clamoring in a vivacious agony.

The first day like the first night, is a period of apprehension. No one has grown used to the car. Everybody is dying to know who everybody else is, but fears disclosures. The making of friends and the voyage of discovery after their antecedents and connections make one understand the feelings of Stanley on the scent of the Congo. The confidences exchanged on a railway journey are appalling. Women and love-sick young men are especially known in this department. A woman becomes confidential in the first half hour. Witness the stout German Jewess who confesses loudly that her hat cost $7; or the young girl in the corner, erstwhile dissolved in weeping, who minutely describes to one of the chaperoned girls where she is going, how she feels, her name, age, and aspirations, and the horrors of her partings. Hence these tears! Toward afternoon interest wanes even in these entrancing disclosures, and a hot, brooding stillness fills the car. All confidences short of old love stories are told; conversation is worn threadbare; people yawn over their books; the women delicately nibble crackers and candy. Toward night, as the porter manipulates the berths, a dead silence falls on all. Yawning is done openly, poses are neglected. An air of dishevelment prevails. There is a suggestion of curl paper about the ladies. Nobody is interesting; a joke, sickly and stale, would be hailed with joy. But the greatest buffoon of the party is heavy eyed and dull.

At Ogden with the first change of cars comes a flurry. There is a wild rush for breakfast, and an inclination on the part of everybody to look askance at every other body as a possible Mormon. Half the people on the first car branch off to Salt Lake City, and "louder, fiercer, deadlier than before" is the crowd that replaces them. Like young Lochinvar, they have very palpably come out of the west. They are the style of people that such papers as London Fun and Judy are fond of regarding as representative American types. The women wear linen dusters and what were once called "Pork-pie" hats. They are not unlike the women of the Kansas prairies, who have been immortalized in song as "prairie flowers." The men have thin lips and the square, goat like beard peculiar to Brother Jonathan's pictures.

IN THE DREARY, ECHOING DEPOT.

At Omaha people began to realize that they were traveling overland for $25. For hours beforehand they fidgeted over their rebates and berths. Distracted women went about seeking the advice of men in the hope that they would offer to "fix things" for them. Men, on their parts, gathered their effects and prepared for flight. In the dreary, echoing depot the confusion was horrible. People ran aimlessly about like decapitated fowls, caroming against officials and dodging trucks. The chaperone and her two girls fled from office to office, falling over their bags and gradually becoming distraught. The checked gentleman, as he followed the zig-zag course, gasped to himself, "Three blind mice; see how they run!" Emigrants of all nations and first-class passengers fought together at the rebate window like a group of Snyder's dogs. The emigrants generally got the best of it. The unprotected first-class females were driven to the wall, and then leaned on by a solid pack of Irish and Italians. At the window where the rebate was refunded an apology for a line had been formed. The only law recognized in it was the survival of the fittest. After checking and rebating at Omaha, people had only one thought—dinner on the dining-car. Everybody was so hungry that they fell to with voracity. It was a charming dinner. Everybody loitered over it, reveled in the thin china, ordered about the waiters, and ate straight through the bill of fare.

At Chicago came a great break-up. There were good-byes as of old friends. The contracting parties of several volcanic friendships made on the train promised to correspond daily. Stray, marauding men took down in their note-books the addresses of girls in the car who would have died rather than acknowledge them as friends. Then the remnant that still journeyed eastward hot went whirling away over the flat, gray lands ape flashed by Lake Erie, and thundered toward New York. That last stage of the journey was stupid.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

A REPORTER ON DUTY.

A Story for Young Men Who Long for the Flesh-Pots of Journalism.

For reasons not necessary to state the subject of this story lives four miles from his place of business. During the recent labor troubles his duties were not more onerous than usual. He was told to come to his office one day at noon. Then he was ordered to go to the scene of the strike, and there, in the dust and facing almost every conceivable object, he stood, climbed, run and walked over railroad ties, over cars, across lots, up stairways and into places where men were consulting on private business. When he told his mission he was abused or given to understand it was none of his business. He persisted, and by putting his ear over a keyhole and pulling at every man, woman and child he succeeded in gathering some threads of information.

It was night when he turned his footsteps toward his office. He was hungry and dusty and dry. But he was expected to come to his post. He sat down at a desk and wrote until midnight—putting the threads together which he had picked up during the day. There was a little woman in a home four miles away who sat down to a table alone and partook of the dainty meal she had prepared for him with her own hands. When it was cold she knew he would not come. She had placed the little one in the crib, and had eaten her dinner with no companion about her save the measured strokes of a pendulum—and they grew louder and louder at each stroke. A little later she prepared a lunch and left it on the table and went to her bed. When he had finished his work on the duty of the day his superior said he would have to ask him to go over on the north side to the city limits and look up a case which had been reported.

It was nearly 2 o'clock when he came back and it was 3 o'clock when he finished this assignment. He had to wait for a car twenty minutes. When he arrived at home it was 4:30. He sat down to the table where tender hands had prepared the luncheon. Daylight and the thunder of the city had met for another contest when he went to his rest. Before doing this he pinned a note on the baby's crib, addressed to his wife, asking her to call him at 10 a. m., as he had an assignment at 11. The little one opened its eyes and held up its hands for a kiss. The man actually had no time to give it, but he did, and then ran away. This young man has been working in that way—no exaggeration—for one, two, three and five years. Nobody ever calls him a laboring man, and when, the other day, I heard him tell this story, which I know to be true, the man to whom he told it said, "You are a fool to do it."

The man answered, "But if I didn't do it, there is another fool who would."—Chicago Herald.

Ex-Champion George's Method of Training

"I don't believe in having much superfluous flesh," said W. G. George, the ex-amateur champion middle-distance runner of England, who is now matched to run three races with Lon Myers, the American champion, for $1,000 a side and the middle-distance championship of the world. "I generally allow myself eight or nine hours in every twenty-four of good solid sleep. I get up about half-past six o'clock in the morning and go out for a little stroll of say a quarter or half a mile after I have been rubbed down and dressed. When I get back I have a good appetite for breakfast.

"What do you drink?"

"Oh, anything that is strengthening and not too fattening. I am fond of nice fresh eggs, tender spring lamb and good rare broiled steaks. I don't use any vegetables, because they fatten me very fast."

"What do you drink?"

"Bass' ale mainly and almost entirely. Tea is the next best thing. I think a man can eat about as much as his appetite calls for when training, so he keeps at work well."

"Do you believe in bathing?" asked the reporter.

"Not too much of it. I get one good shower-bath a day, immediately after my sweat. As soon as I can get my things off after my run I stand for half a minute under a good strong shower-bath."—New York Journal.

After Making His Maiden Speech.

"What did I say?" asked a member of congress the other day when he sat down in his seat after making his maiden speech. "I'll be blamed if I know what I was talking about. I never was so scared in all my life." His friends consoled him by saying that he acquitted himself quite well, barring a little nervousness; but they did not tell him that when he arose he held his right hand up like a little boy at school trying to catch the teacher's eye, and began his speech by saying, "Mr. Chairman, just give me a few minutes to speak, if you please." This very fear of stage fright keeps a number of good speakers in their chairs during the sessions of the house. There is that peculiar fear which takes possession of a number of men, and literally seals their mouths; they can not utter the thoughts that rise within them. But this fear does not extend to all the men in the house, and those who have least to say and know the least are continually bobbing up and taking up the time of the house. It is a common thing for a speaker having once broken the ice to become infatuated with the sound of his own voice in debate, and use it for all it is worth in and out of time and place.—Washington Cor. Baltimore American.

The Streets of Washington City.

A great deal of street repair is now going on in Washington. The streets are made, you know, of asphalt, which is as smooth as so much sandpaper, of a dark gray color, and which is well fitted for a city like this, in which there is but little heavy traffic. We never have any mud in Washington, and the man who owns a carriage here can use it throughout the year with very little washing. The city is surrounded by beautiful drives of historic interest, and ten miles away from Washington you will penetrate a country having a civilization as southern almost as that of Georgia. The roads outside of Washington are good and the country in different directions enough diversified and rolling to make the drives picturesque. A half day's drive will bring you into the midst of reminiscences of the late war, and you can lay out a tour for a week in which you can follow the line of great armies and drive over battle-field after battle-field. — "Carp's" Washington Letter.

Running Record of a Greyhound.

A greyhound in Buffalo made the lowest official running record in the world. The hound was given three trials. In the first he made the 200 yards in 14⅛ seconds; in the second he covered the distance in 12¼ seconds, and in the third he made the remarkable record of 12⅛ seconds, the lowest official record in the world.

A Clock as a Safety Bank.

A genius from the Wooden Nutmeg state has invented a clock in which there is a money drawer. Money can be deposited at any time, but can only be removed during one day in a month. Another notion is in screwing the clock to its shelf so that it can only be removed when the drawer is open. —Chicago Herald.

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ECLECTRIC OIL

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A Medicine with curative properties as impossible to counterfeit as the PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, and which is now having an enormous sale throughout the United States and Canadas.

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DAVENPORT, Iowa. As a remedy for C. GRAYVILLE, Ills. In case of Electric Oil. I have found it the best. There fails to cure. It cured me, and it benefited a very bad horse that I have. Will cure my case. —Uticated Sore Throat. C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill. West 12th Street.

LOWELL, Mass. I was badly afflicted with Bronchitis and an affection of the throat. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me. —Oliver J. Belle Isle, 23 East Merrimack Street.

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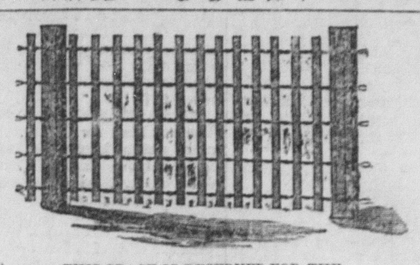

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 30, 1886.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg			3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon			5 56 a m
"	"	Williamsport			7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore			7 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven			7 58 a m
"	"	Renovo			9 25 a m
"	arr at	Erie			5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg			8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon			10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport			11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven			12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia			7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg			11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon			1 24 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport			2 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			3 45 p m
"	"	Renovo			4 45 p m
"	"	Kane			9 25 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia			11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg			3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon			5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport			7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo			9 00 p m
(Sunday Train.					
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg			7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon			9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport			10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven			11 33 a m
"	"	arrives Renovo			12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven			7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore			7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport			8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon			9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia			3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane			6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo			10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven			11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport			12 25 p m
"	"	Montandon			1 26 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia			6 50 p m
RENOVO ACM	leaves	Renovo			4 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport			6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon			7 23 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg			9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia			4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie			2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo			11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven			11 58 p m
"	"	Williamsport			1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon			2 26 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg			4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia			8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with R. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Westward.					Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.		STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M	
1 30	10 15	5 50		Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50	
1 45	10 25	6 05		Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 25	
1 55		6 15		Biehl	8 51		5 25	
2 03		6 22		Vicksburg	8 45		5 18	
2 16		6 33		Mifflinburg	8 33		5 05	
2 35		6 48		Millmont	8 18		4 48	
2 42		6 56		Laurelton	8 12		4 42	
3 45		7 49		Coburn	7 23		3 45	
3 55		7 56		Zerby	7 15		3 30	
4 15		8 10		Rising Spring	6 58		2 12	
4 27		8 19		Penn Cave	6 48		2 59	
4 40		8 27		Centre Hall	6 39		2 47	
4 50		8 34		Gregg	6 43		2 12	
5 04		8 45		Linden Hall	6 30		1 58	
5 13		8 52		Oak Hall	6 20		1 08	
5 20		8 55		Lemont	6 25		2 00	
5 27		9 03		Dale Summit	6 20		1 52	
5 45		9 14		Pleasant Gap	6 09		1 33	
5 50		9 19		Axemann	6 04		1 26	
6 00		9 28		Bellefonte	6 00		1 15	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.00 p m and 7 30 p m.

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An Old Hand.

Blue-veined and wrinkled, knuckly and brown,
This good old hand is clasping mine;
I bend above it, and, looking down,
I study its aspect, line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands
That long have known no answering thrill;
Some have mouldered in foreign lands—
Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it and went away
To rest till the waking in God's good light!

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone,
Who sailed away and left her in tears;
Under Sahara's torrid zone
His bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true,
Who held it softly and fell asleep,
And woke no more, and never knew
How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped so many, so many! so few
That still respond to the living will,
Or can answer this pressure so kind and true;
So many that lie unmoved and still.

Clasped at last this hand, my own;
And mine will moulder, too, in turn,
Will any clasp it while I am gone?
In vain I study this hand to learn.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

There was no doubt that the Messingers were fortunate in possessing so charming a house as the Ness. It was built at the head of a narrow valley shut in by two hills, and beyond the sloping lawn stretched a wide expanse of sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Messinger were simple, unaffected people, devoted to their children, and to Nancy, Mr. Messinger's young step-sister. They treated her with a kind of reverential tenderness, chiefly due to the fact that she was entirely dependent on them. And, in her turn, Nancy filled the place of a loving elder sister to the tribe of little ones, and of friend-in-chief to her gentle sister-in-law.

One sunny afternoon in early summer, Mrs. Messinger sat at the open bay-window of the drawing-room, reading. She was a placid little lady, seldom ruffled in mind or temper, and her sweet face and her soft blue eyes were pleasant to contemplate. The door opened presently and Nancy came in rather slowly. Her expression was as sweet and gentle as her sister's, but her great dark eyes and firmly cut mouth and chin bore evidence of much greater strength and individuality of character. She came over to the window and seated herself in a basket-chair with an air of constraint.

"I have had a letter from Jim," she said.

"Yes; I saw it on the hall-table," replied Mary, laying down her book. "Does he say when he was coming?"

"Yes; he came by the same steamer as the letter. He will be here to-morrow, I suppose."

"Nancy! really?" asked May, looking almost excited. "Are you not delighted?"

"I—I—have a confession to make," said Nancy nervously looking out over the sea. "I thought I loved Jim when he went out to India five years ago, but I was only 17 then, and did not realize what love meant. We had known each other all our lives, and I mistook our friendship for love."

"When did you make this terrible discovery?" asked Mary, in distress.

"I have felt it dimly for a year or two, but what made it all clear to me was Jim's last letter, saying that he was coming home. It filled me with dismay and fear. I felt that I simply could not meet him as his betrothed wife, so I wrote last mail and asked him to release me from my engagement."

"And what does he say?" Mary asked, anxiously.

"He is delighted," said Nancy, brightening. "He says that his feelings have changed, too."

"I always think of you in the future as his wife," sighed Mrs. Messinger, whose mind was slow to welcome new ideas. "Are you sure you are wise, dear?"

"Quite sure," Nancy answered firmly. "And you will break the news gently to Ned, won't you? And please get reconciled to the arrangement soon, I feel so delightfully airy and free!"

"You never hinted at any change before," said Mary, a little reproachfully.

"I only knew it dimly, or I might have done so," replied Nancy gently. "And since I wrote to him I have been silent to spare you any anxiety. I have felt it for the last three years in writing to him. My letters have never been from the present Nancy, but from the Nancy as I could remember her at 17. In fact, I have been 'writing down' all the time to the level of his intelligence as shown in his letters, and that level is painfully low. But happily, you see, he is as pleased to end our engagement as I am."

"He would be much more likely to object if he once saw you," said Mary, frankly, "for these five years have done wonders with you in every way."

"Oh, he is so boyish that he will think me strong-minded, and therefore dislike me," said Nancy, laughing. "And I did send him my last photograph, you know."

"Did you send that hideous thing?" asked Mary in surprise.

"Well," confessed Nancy rather reluctantly, "I believe I had some secret, unconfessed hope that he would offer to break off the engagement if he once saw that hideous caricature. But here comes Ned; I shall leave you to explain things to him."

A day or two later Nancy started for her usual afternoon walk along the cliffs. Since she had been released from the engagement which for some years past had been weighing on her spirits she had been in a state of exhilaration which surprised her. The world seemed wholly beautiful; life was an unmixed blessing; sin and poverty were rarer than she had thought. Walking quickly along, absorbed in these pleasant reflections, she did not hear footsteps behind her, and was surprised at hearing herself suddenly addressed. Looking up with startled eyes, she found a young man gazing at her with a puzzled, intent expression in his handsome face.

"You are Nancy, are you not?" he said doubtfully, holding out his hand.

"Why, Jim, is it really you?" asked Nancy, regarding him with surprise. "How you have grown! When did you come? and how did you find me?"

"I came two days ago," he said, reddening slightly in irritation at her first words. "Father was anxious that I should stay with him yesterday, but I called at the Ness this afternoon, and Mrs. Messinger told me where I should find you."

"Let us go home now, and then you can see them all," she said, turning back. "You will hardly know the children; they were such mites when you left."

"I certainly shall not, if they have altered as much as you have done. I scarcely knew you," he said, looking at her with intent grey eyes, and inwardly comparing this beautiful graceful girl with the gauche schoolgirl of five years since.

"I am older," she said, her heart sinking strangely. "He might disguise the fact that he finds me a disappointing failure," she thought rather bitterly.

"Of course we are no longer boy and girl," he agreed. "But I hope we shall always be friends, Nancy? We have been that all our lives, haven't we?"

"Yes, let us be friends," she said. And thinking that he was eager to impress upon her that they were to be nothing more, she added, "And it was very wise to break off that childish engagement before you came home, wasn't it?"

"Y—yes," he said doubtfully; "Oh, yes, of course. Your feelings are naturally quite changed, I suppose, Nancy?"

"Naturally," she said calmly, but thinking to herself that she was not so sure about that after all.

"Naturally he echoed, his eyes, however becoming a little clouded. "Those boy and girl engagements never answer do they? People develop so differently from what one would expect. Judging from your letters, I should have thought you utterly different from what I find you."

"You are equally different from what I should have expected you to be," she answered, "But let us put up with each other as we are; we need not see much of one another, you know."

They had just reached the gate leading into the garden of the Ness as she said this, and unconsciously she paused outside. Jim took this, coupled with her last words, as a hint that he should go and still he was more hurt than he cared to own.

"Good afternoon" he said stiffly, raising his hat. "Your suggestion is a brilliant one, and you need not fear that I shall trouble you with my presence more often than is necessary."

"You are coming in?" she said, looking at him with pained, pleading eyes."

"Thank you, no," he said coldly. "I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your brother and the children will keep."

"Good-bye," she said, turning in at the open gate in order that he might not see the rising tears.

"Good-bye," he said freezingly thinking her absolutely cruel in not shaking hands. She went up the little sloping avenue slowly and sadly, trying to crush back the tears, which would rise to her eyes in spite of her efforts. She succeeded before reaching the hall, and could answer her sister's surprised questions quite calmly.

"My dear Mary," she said, laughing gently, "you forget our changed relations. You must not expect him to come as often as he used. We have both come to the conclusion that we are quite different from what we had thought each other, and we have mutually agreed to see as little as possible of each other."

But when she reached her own room, her self-control deserted her, and she cast herself down on the little couch, and wept long and bitterly.

"I hate him!" she said to herself vindictively. "I do; I hate him! No, I don't; I believe I do the very opposite. Oh, I ought to be ashamed of myself, to care for any one so utterly indifferent to me! He didn't even come in, and after all these years! He shall never know that I love him, never! However much I may suffer, I have enough pride to hide it. He shall think me as indifferent as he is himself."

Her mouth took a hard look very foreign to its sweet lines, as she rose and bathed her face; and through all that evening she bore herself so bravely, that no one guessed of the bitterness and wounded pride she thus smilingly hid.

If Mrs. Messinger had been given to abstruse reflections, she might have asked herself how Jim and Nancy could possibly avoid each other, according to their compact, when he was always coming to the Ness? For he came every day, and at all hours of the day, as he had been wont to five years ago. There was one difference between this daily intercourse and that of old times, and that a rather important one. Nancy lost all her gentle brightness when speaking to Jim, and was coldy, distantly polite to him. He saw this, and no doubt resented it, but Nancy never guessed that from his manner. He did everything he could think of to please her, but with no outward effect. Inwardly she knew that her love for him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of hers could prevent it.

Jim was in a most trying position. He knew himself to be deeply in love with Nancy; his feelings for her had never died, as he had imagined; but with the knowledge of her as a sweet, noble woman, came the knowledge that he had forfeited the right to tell her of his love. His letters had been of a kind of which he had wearied when he ceased to be a youth. But, anxious that his own letters should not be as uninteresting to her, as hers were to him, he had written in a boyish, semi-frivolous strain, which he thought would be pleasing to her, as natural to herself. He could not understand how such a thoughtful, intelligent girl as he knew her to be, could have written such shallow; characterless letters. He supposed that she had not cared for him enough to write about what she felt interested in.

His position with regard to Nancy was much worse than that of any mere acquaintance, Every other man could tell her of his love, while it seemed to Jim that he had lost this right by gladly agreeing to cancel their engagement. What made matters worse was that Nancy never appeared to dream that any other relation than the present constrained friendship was possible betwen them.

One afternoon he found her alone; a rare occurrence, indeed, for she was careful to avoid tete-a-tete with him.

"Shall we go into the garden?" she asked, thinking that anything was preferable to sitting stiffly in the drawing-room.

"I should like it immensely," he answered, rising and opening the door with alacrity. "Will you take me to our old favorite seat? I have ofteh thought of those old days when I was feeling homesick, Nancy."

"I thought you were very happy in India," she said unresponsively.

"So I was, but I was home-sick sometimes, especially when I first went out."

"This is the seat, is it not?" she asked, as if she might have easily forgotten the place where he had first told her of his love!

"Yes, this is it," he said dreamily, looking out over the cliffs and sea.

"Mr. Penstone and I always quarrel over this view," said Nancy, anxious to prevent any embarrassing pause.

"Who is Mr. Penstone?" asked Jim, knitting his brows.

"He is our curate," she answered. "I always say that this is the finest view in the town, but Mr. Penstone maintains that the view from—"

"He must be an idiot, then!" burst in Jim hotly; the views are not to be compared!"

"You might have waited until I had mentioned the other," said Nancy, raising her eyebrows.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, in utter confusion. "I thought you must mean—in fact, I understood you to say—that—the view from the Beacon was finer than this."

"Yes, that is what Mr. Penstone declares," she said.

"What a hideous name the man has!" said Jim irritably. "Of course you are devoted to him, Nancy?"

"Yes; he is so very good and clever and pleasant," she said, surprised at his vehemence.

"You are going to marry him, I suppose?" he said with ill-concealed anger.

"You forgot yourself, I think," she answered with gentle dignity. "And whom I may marry can be no possible concern of yours."

"Oh, none, of course," he said furiously. "Only you might of told me the truth when you broke off our engagement. It would have been just as easy to say that you were engaged to someone else at once."

"You are entirely mistaken in thinking that I am engaged to any one," said Nancy calmly. "Mr. Penstone is married, and old enough to be my father. I may have obsolete ideas about engagements, but I was not aware that, even in these enlightened days, honorable women were in the habit of engaging themselves to two people at the same rime. Shall we go in now, or have you any other interesting accusations to make?"

"Forgive me, Nancy; I was a fool!" pleaded Jim earnestly. "I forget sometimes that I have not still the right to speak to you on such matters. For five years I have thought of you as my promised wife, and now that I am with you I cannot always realize that you are mine no longer. Say that you forgive me, Nancy, for my roughness and presumption."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said coldly. "Let us go in now. The evenings are getting quite chilly."

After this quarrel Jim found it impossible to be on the same footing of friendship with Nancy. She was colder and more constrained than ever in her manner toward him; and though every day he felt more clearly that his love was hopeless, he found it more and more difficult to hide it from her. He was too proud and too manly to force his love on her, believing, as he did, that she disliked him; and at last after a bitter struggle with himself, he determined to return to India at once.

He had never been to the Ness lately without some valid reason, and this new decision was so good an excuse for calling that he was not slow in taking advantage of it. He found Nancy in the garden, arrayed in a large white sun-bonnet, busily gathering strawberries for tea.

"You find it rather hot work, I am afraid," he said, looking down gravely into her flushed face. "Let me pick some now."

Thank you, she answered, resigning the basket; "stooping so much has tired me a little."

He had soon filled the basket, and then at his suggestion, they seated themselves under an apple tree to rest. Nancy took off her sun-bonnet, and leant her bare head against the gnarled trunk languidly. Jim watched her as she sat there, thinking that he would soon have only the memory of her sweet, pure face to bear with him.

"I came up this afternoon to say good-bye," he said breaking the long silence rather abruptly."

Nancy started slightly and raised her eyes in wonderment

"Good-bye?" she said. "And where are you going?"

"I am going back to Inda; I have had enough of England."

"To India? at once? Oh, why?" she asked piteously, growing very white, and looking at him with frightened eyes. An expression of tumultus hope began to dawn on Jim's face as he saw how his words had affected her.

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked eagerly. "Would you rather I stayed?"

"My wishes have nothing to do with the matter," she said rather bitterly.

"Indeed they have," he said very earnestly—"Nancy, tell me, would you rather I stayed?"

"If I said 'Yes,' would you stay?" she asked, quietly.

"Only if you loved me," he said. "I cannot stay on and see you day after day, and feel that you will never care for me. May I stay, Nancy?"

"If you like," she answered shyly.

Jim took her into his arms, and kissed her very tenderly. "There is one thing I want to know," he said presently, looking down into her eyes; "when did you begin to love me, dear?"

"When did you begin to love me?" she replied, blushing under his gaze.

"I don't know; I have loved you all my life," he answered.

"I don't know, either," she said: "When I was about four or five, I think."

"But, my darling, you broke off our engagement," he said wonderingly.

"Yes; from your letters I thought I did not love you. They were so stupid—I—I mean——"

"Yes, they were stupid, but yours were silly too, and I thought that was the kind of thing you liked," he said, a ray of intelligence dawning in his eyes.

"I thought you were terribly boyish, so I wrote very 'young' letters, thinking they would interest you," she said beginning to laugh.

"We both fell into the same mistake, then," he said, laughing, too, though a little regretfully, "Oh, Nancy! we might have had such a good time! How I wish I had the letters that you might have written!"

"Yes, it is a pity." she said. "But it is all right now, and I will write the sweetest letters to you in the future."

"Indeed you will not," he replied, in a calm masterful tone. "I never mean to leave you again. We must look upon those letters as a vast 'It-might-have-been."

Peculiar Suicides.

One of the evils inseparable from the modern general diffusion of all sorts of news in the encouragement of criminal imitation. It was long ago noticed that peculiar crimes are apt to be copied, and that this is especially the case in regard to suicide. Most readers probably remember the story of the grove of trees which Napoleon caused to be burned because it was found impossible to prevent the soldiers from hanging themselves in it. A similar story is told of a military sentry-box. It was was found necessary to build a cage over the gallery at the top of the London monument, because it had become a favorite place for suicidal plunges. A similar reputation attached for many years to Waterloo bridge in London. In France, some years ago, a foolish young couple, saturated with Rousseauism, fastened themselves together with gay-colored ribbons and threw themselves into the Seine. The idea took, and for a time this mode of suicide was quite the fashion. Statistics show that the average number of suicides remains tolerably constant in proportion to population, though it no doubt rises when widespread convulsion disorganizes society. But the ways of committing suicide change, and the people not only exercise choice in the matter, but are influenced in selecting the mode by the recent occurrence of any striking events of the kind.

It is true that no imitator has yet been found of the insane German whose ambition it was to crucify himself, and who with an astonishing perversion of ingenuity contrived an apparatus by which, after fastening his feet and nalling one hand to the cross-piece, he was enabled to hoist the heavy cross out of the window and exhibit himself to the whole town suspended from it. That however, involved too much labor, and suicides usually desire to shuffle off this mortal coil as easily as possible. Speaking roughly it may be said that women prefer drowning, and men hanging. Of course, many of both sexes take poison. In France for a long time asphyxiation by charcoal gas was popular with the poor. The last reported French suicide, however seems to have been suggested by one of Cherbuliez's novels. A carpenter in Belleville killed his mistress and then himself. The double suicide had been agreed upon and its method settled deliberately. The details were somewhat different, but the general plan resembles that of the hero and heroine of "LaRevanche de Joseph Noirel." The resemblance in fact is so close that we should think the event calculated to make M. Cherbuliez feel rather uncomfortable, if he is particularly sensitive, though of course no real responsibility can be predicated in such a manner.

Women Who Use Snuff.

"I sell to very few men," remarked the tobacconist, calmly. "The fact is, that I know but one or two men who use snuff."

"Who in the world are your customers, then?" inquired the listener, with considerable astonishment.

"Why, the ladies, of course," was the reply. "Nearly all my customers are women, and I have quite a good trade."

"What sort of ladies?" asked the reporter, with some doubt.

"All kinds," said the man, briefly. "There are a certain class who use a great deal of snuff, but then the habit is not confined to any particular class. I know wives of members of Congress who are fond of tobacco in this form and use a great deal of it."

"I should think that their vanity would keep them from such a habit," said the reporter. "It makes the nose larger, does it not?"

"They don't all snuff it. A great many dip snuff. You know that habit is very prevalent, especially in the Southern States. My customers, however, are not from any particular locality, but from all parts of the country. I think that the majority of people who use snuff dip it. That is, rub it over their gums with a small stick."

"Is it an expensive habit?"

"Not very," was the reply. "It don't cost as much as smoking and chewing, and in my opinion is much cleaner than the last. The best snuff is Martinique, which costs about $1.25 per pound. But the article usually purchased costs fifty and sixty cents per pound. There are not as many varieties made now as there used to be when the habit was more prevalent. Only standard brands are in the market and it may be said that the trade is dying out."

—Ben Ali is the third of the get of Virgil who has captured the Kentucky Derby. The others were Hindoo and Vagrant. The present winner stands a little over 15.3, and is about as well proportioned and racing-looking an animal as one ever laid eyes on. Mr. Haggin purchased him as a yearling at the Elmendorf sale. He has two victories to his credit at San Francisco this spring, besides a walk-over, so that his total winnings this year foot up nearly $10,000, with the season yet quite young. He is engaged in about 75.000 worth of stakes.

HORSE NOTES.

—Al R. record 2.27¼, has been added to Budd Doble's string.

—Green Morris' horses won $3485 at the Washington meeting.

—Of the ten Kentucky Derby starters not one was a gelding or filly.

—Jimmy Dustin has sold the b. g. James A. to Mr. McKay, of Philadelphia.

—S. W. Wheelock has turned Bonnie McGregor, 2.20¼, over to Tom Miles.

—Tom Allen, record 2.22, was purchased at the Fasig sale, at Cleveland, by E. M. McGillin, of New York, for $2000.

—P. Lorillard has recently lost another of his Lexington mares in Notre Dame, a bay, 18 years old, out of Novice, by Glencoe.

—The stakes of the Pennsylvania Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association closed with an average of nine entries for each event.

—The special free-for-all trotting tournament stakes advertised by Rochester for Monday, July 5, did not fill, and has been declared off.

—James Foster's black mare, Belle Patchen, dropped a fine filly to Stranger, the son of Goldsmith Maid, at Gloucester City, N, J., May 14.

—"Lucky" Baldwin does not expect to come East this year. His programme is to wind up the summer season at Chicago, and from there retrace his steps to California.

—J. B. Haggin's Tyrant and E. J. Baldwin's Volante have been matched for $5000 a side, 1½ miles, weight for age, the race to be run at the spring meeting of 1886, over the St. Louis or Chicago race-track, between June 26 and July 7.

—The suppression of betting at Cedarhurst did not prevent plenty of quiet betting, the bookmakers going around among the crowd and getting plenty of takers. Major Pickett, the winner of the Grand National, proved himself a remarkably good horse.

—The well-known racehorses Eole and General Monroe are said to be going remarkable well this spring. Eole is noted for being a remarkably awkward starter, but this year, his trained says, he is quite handy with his feet. General Monroe has been laid up since last July, and the long rest seems to have benefited him.

—The Mercantile Driving Course will open the trotting season next Saturday (Decoration Day in New Jersey) with four races: One for the 2.35-class, with four entries; a ½-mile heat handicap running race, with five entries; one for the 2.50-class to road wagon, with eight entries, and a double-team race, with four entries.

—Entries for a second spring meeting at Suffolk Course closed at the northwest corner of Broad and Chestnut streets on Monday evening, May 24. The dates of the meeting are June 1, 2, 3 and 4th. Purses of $500 are offered for each of the following classes: 2.18, 2.23, 2.27, 2.30, 2.33, 2.37, 2.45 and 3.00; also, 2.25 and free-for-all pacing.

—The success of Ben Ali in the Kentucky Derby does not satisfy everybody. About Louisville the sentiment prevails that Garrison lost the race on Blue Wing by his letting go his reins to use his whip, when the colt swerved and lost a lot of ground, just as Runnymede swerved with McLaughlin in the race with Forester for the Lorillard stakes in 1882.

—A dispatch from Louisville states that Amos G. McCampbell, of that city, has filed suit in the United States Court against Michael and Philip Dwyer, the well-known turfman, for $10,000 damages. Mr. McCampbell sues as the surviving partner of Peter C. Fox & Co., a firm which was destroyed by the death of Mr. Fox. Plaintiff claims that the Dwyer Brothers have in their possession the racehorse Tom Martin, which constituted the sole assets of the firm of Fox & Co., and refuse to give up the animal to plaintiff, who is entitled to have it. The horse was turned over to the Dwyers by an agent of Fox. Plaintiff says Tom Martin is worth $10,000, and he, consequently sues for that amount of damages.

—"Broad Church," writes from Louisville to the *Wilkes' Spirit*, says: "It is an even chance, if not odds, that Ban Fox will not face the flag in the Suburban. He looks well bodily, barring that swelled ankle, which certainly does not portend a great racing future for the famous colt. Two or three mornings I saw him take his work with Ben Ali, and each time he pulled up just a wee bit lame. One of these times he performed better than Ben Ali, requiring a little persuasion from the whip to do so. If anybody can bring him to a race, Jim Murphy is the man; but, with all of Murphy's painstaking efforts, I have my doubts about future success for the King Ban colt. The appearances of the ankle—that of the left forefoot—suggests a sort of callous swelling that is not likely to reduce with time. While he is taking his work right along there is no question at all that the ailing limb troubles him more or less, as evidenced by slight lameness after work, and it is just a question whether an animal in that condition can be properly fitted for such a race as the Suburban." Concerning Freeland, he says; "And so the papers will have it that Freeland is lame, a cripple, a wreck of his former self, and all that sort of thing. As illustrating the difference between romance and reality, let me say that the champion is the very reverse of all this. Watching him on the 21st of May cover the mile and a quarter in 2.16, going with as much life and vim as he ever did, looking better than in his palmiest days, and pulling up without exhibiting a particle of lameness—all this did not suggest the cripple or half-broken down gelding. There is no telling what may happen in the near future—horseflesh of any kind being a very uncertain quality; but just now Freeland is apparently as good as new, and I am pretty sure he will, in due time, be heard from, and that not before very long."

FASHION NOTES.

—This season's silks are very handsome and there is a great variety.

—French parasol handles will be more used than American, which lack in finish and designs.

—Much scarlet will be worn this season, and the shades of red diminish none in favor.

—Never before has jet trimming been so very elaborately and elegant, and never before has the price per yard been quite so high.

—Bows of harmonizing colors are made according to taste for dress trimming.

—Military styles, says an authority, are to prevail in spring and summer fashions, and the Hussar hat will be modified in straw.

—Soft vests of crinkled Japanese crape go stylishly with any silk costume, and may be either in white or delicate color.

—Chantilly lace will be worn by young ladies this summer, and by their elders. French will be worn more than Malta or guipure.

—Very small rosary bead buttons are used to trim and edge jackets that are fastened with big flat or medium-sized ball buttons.

—In opposition to these, however, we also see charming little capotes, with crown of colored tulle or crape, and border of beads to match, simply trimmed with a spray of flowers or a light aigrette.

—A novel combination in Redfern's latest touch is a charming little garment called the Newport jacket. The material is fine sandstone cloth trimmed with peach velvet. Upon this an "all-over" embroidery is executed by hand, in cord which is a mixture of silk and copper thread.

—We must also note the Marion toquet, with high but narrow crown, dented in at the top, of fine straw, with puffing of velvet by way of border, and a spray of red berries, or merely a large pin, headed with a ball of cut jet.

—A pretty model is the Ferronniere capote. It has a round crown of beaded tulle; the lace border is edged with a row of large cut beads; another row of beads, fastened at each end only to the border, is laid over the hair on the brow. It is unique and very becoming. The outside trimming consists of one large rose fastened in front over a bow of pompadour ribbon.

—Then there is the Eventail capote. The crown is of lace or tulle, very cleverly pleated in the shape of a fan. On each side, forming the border, there is a large wing of jet beads, rising higher than the edge of the capote. A puff of black lace, with a bright colored bird relieving the sombre style of the bonnet, completes the trimming.

—Alternate tucks of French muslin insertion and Valenciennes lace combine to form the transparent tea-gowns, which, but for a certain looseness of fit, might grace a ball-room. A striped boucle matinee of canvas in bleu de ciel had a full Surah, bloused front, trimmed with Mechlin, and tied with a sash of watered ribbon.

—Hats and bonnets, alas! they are more and more such as to lead us to suppose that the heads which they overtop in such a conquering manner have not one grain of reason left in them. Their shape disappears under immense loops of ribbon, describing the most extravagant outlines, surrounded by extraordinary plumage and peaked wings threatening the clouds.

—The Belfast embroideries in white upon colored foundations prove very effective draperies upon many of the new wash-dresses. On others is shown what is called embroidered lace, which has more substance than the various kinds hitherto used upon cotton goods. For house draperies and bloused fronts this lace is chosen rather than the Irish embroideries; the latter, however, being more effective for flouncing and panels. Many of the skirts are draped in a way suggestive of the utmost simplicity, but those initiated in the mysteries of dressmaking will readily perceive there are complications it would be vain for an unpracticed hand to try to imitate.

—Prints are not so popular as they were last season. Of course they will be worn, and to quite an extent, but their day of favoritism is somewhat eclipsed by the numerous canvas materials now in vogue. Zephyrs are being produced, however, in infinite variety. The later goods, instead of having their designs and colorings printed upon their surface, have them woven in their textures, the so-called plain material used for bodice and foundation usually being shot with white. The goods usually used for trimming and draperies show stripes, cross-bars and checks in frise, boucle and tufted knots upon this shot foundation. In some instances the material used for draping has a crinkled appearance, simulating crape, and offers the advantage of requiring no ironing after being washed. It should be well shaken before it is dried, so as to obviate all risk of flattening its tufts and boucle rings. The advantage of this style of drapery is that it allows more scope for draping elaborately than one that has to be ironed.

—In place of the eight ribs with which the frames of parasols are usually provided the new Ella sunshade has only six. This renders them higher, and allows greater scope for exercising ingenuity in their adornment. In many instances the wide spaces between each rib are semi-transparent, being covered with flutings of clear net. In others the trimming similates a square parasol, so arranged over the framework as to enable its points to form a vandyked border over the openings of the sunshade. Puffings and drawings of embroidered net, flouncings of lace and beaded designs cover rather than trim the parasols of this season. Some have transparencies of net near the point, which disappears under the elaborate trimmings in the wider part. Others have lace and ribbons massed around the point and transparencies en evidence above the flouncing of lace with which they are bordered.

FARM NOTES.

FENCES FOR POULTRY.—F. Marsh, tells us how he constructs a poultry fence. How to construct a cheap and durable one, he says, has been a problem in his mind, and after repeated trials of different kinds he thinks the fence question ought to be taken up in the journals, and perhaps some fence would be suggested which many have in vain thus far looked for. He then gives his method of constructing such a fence. I have used a fence made in the following manner: I take common fence boards rip them in two, then take three short pieces three feet long, nail one to each end of the two pieces and one in the middle, then it is a panel ten or twelve feet long, just as you like; now nail on laths three inches apart. The way I fasten is by a wire around the post and the end of the panel. Where there is not much wind a post at each end will do, but here in the spring you would have to have one in the middle and a good strong man to hold them besides. The advantage of the panel fence is you can move it very readity. The other fence that I have used is made by setting posts thirty feet apart, then stretching plain fence wire from one post to the other, the first wire six inches from the ground, the other thirty inches higher up. Then I stretch a small wire (such as binding wire), parallel with the other two, also one between the two large wires, then weave the laths in as close as you choose. The large wire must be made fast by staples; the small ones left loose till the laths are in place, and then drawn tight. The main trouble with this fence is that you cannot get the laths so fixed as to prevent them from slipping either one way or the other enough to let a hen through. Tar netting and woven wire cost too much. What we poultrymen of the west want is some kind of a poultry fence that does not cost more than all our fowls are worth.

A FAT hog is no test of good pork. Flesh must be healthy to be good. As a general thing fat hogs are not healthy animals, nor is the pork the best quality. The wise buyer would prefer, for his own use, the hog that is not so fat as to be able to help itself to its food. The blood ought to be pure, and to have this so the hog must be able to move about easily. The over-fattened hog has impure blood, hence impure flesh. Besides, no one wants all fat to the sacrifice of the lean.

A GOOD Jersey cow, will yield half her own weight of butter in a year, as she rarely exceeds 800 pounds in weight, and 700 pounds is her average. Such cows can be found in every good herd. Six quarts of her milk will produce one pound of butter, and, therefore, there is less water to handle, less milk required, fewer pans needed, the color is better, the flavor superior, and the texture adds to the quality. More than this, she comes into profit early, her first calf being dropped before she is 2 years old, and her gentle disposition enables any one to manage her.

HORSES need to be kept clean and frequently curried. Washing the legs is advisable, especially if the animals are worked in mud and dust. Clean the stables daily, to prevent the accumulation of troublesome flies. A weak solution of carbolic acid or a decoction of smart weed will aid in keeping off the flies while in the field. Fly nets of light cloth are inexpensive, easily made, and should be worn by all work horses when in the harness. Grass alone is insufficient food; to it add a good supply of oats and corn, ground together and mixed wet with cut hay. It is sometimes best to feed horses in the field, and for this a box trough is convenient. It should be fitted with notched side pieces, to fasten over fence boards, on which the box is hung. Feeding oats on the ground is wasteful and unpleasant.

SHEEP FARMING.—Dairy farming is more difficult and laborious than sheep farming. Sheep culture has many advantages over cattle raising, as also over dairying There is a necessity of sheep husbandry for meat production. The rapid increase of population, the scarcity and increasing price of beef, the interiority of pork in healthfulness and nutrition, tend to the increase of mutton eating. And it is not the results in the economy of meat and wool alone, we may add, but from an economical stand point in feeding the soil; no factor in its wealth occupies a more prominent position than sheep. This has been tested and found to be most valuable in its application to all the economies of farm establishment and development.

THE coat of a horse is one of the surest indications of his state of health. If in real good health the hair is smooth and sleek and the skin soft. When the system is deranged the skin loses its pliancy, the surface is hard and dry and the hair rough and rusty.

FARMERS should know that clover is one of the best crops to clean out foul weeds from their soil. Its rapid growth enables it to smother all except the strongest rooted perennials; and even these it will greatly keep in check. But it will only do this if cattle and other stock are kept off at all times.

ALL fruit that falls to the ground should be destroyed, in order to thin out as many insects as possible. One of the best instruments for this purpose, which is not patented, is the hog. Give him a chance and he will do his work well. For companions, the poultry would be excellent.

THERE is a greater general improvment in the breed of hogs than in any other farm stock. Farmers find that the only profit in a hog, at present prices of grain, is in having a good breed and keep them always growing. The race of pigs that, as the pioneer said, he had to tie knots in their tails to keep them in the pen, is much less common now than formerly.

PULLETS that commence laying at 4 and 5 months of age are by so doing checked in their growth, and do not usually attain the size that those do that begin laying later.

TRAVELER'S TOAST.—Mince any scraps of meat and season nicely, mix it with sufficient milk or cream to make it moist, and stir it over a gentle fire for five minutes, draw it from the fire a moment and mix with it the yolks of an egg well beaten, keep hot, but without simmering in the least, cut thin a slice of bread and toast on both sides, cut off the crust, spreading the hot mince upon it, heaping it high in the middle.

A SQUARE of oilcloth in front of the toilet stand may save your carpet from spots.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange one will suffer from derangement brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the Physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

Simply believing the truths of religion doesn't make you religious; you may appreciate right and yet not do right; weeping over martyrs is not as heroic as having had your self suffered at the stake.

Sick Headache. Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Sold by all druggists. 100 doses $1.

That the chief proprieties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $3 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

That no character is complete that has not some mental treasures on which it may draw during the treachery of fortune.

A soft silky texture is a most desirable feature to any head of hair and Carboline, the only natural hair producer made from petroleum unrefined, will impart this characteristic loveliness to the most unruly locks. Try it.

That ideas generate ideas as a potato cut in pieces reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

That the first morning you forget to be polite to your wife the honey-moon is over.

Wm. Black, Abingdon, Iowa, was cured of cancer of the eye by Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which cures all blood disorders and diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best tonic and appetizer known. 50 cents.

That preferred creditors are those who do not dun their debtors.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world. Use it and save your horses and wagons. One greasing will last two weeks.

To love early and marry late is to hear a lark singing at dawn, and at night to eat it roasted for supper.

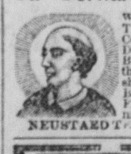
If you have Cutting, Scalding, or Stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine—Swamp Root will quickly relieve and cure.

That little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.

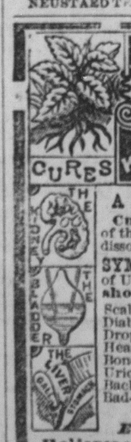
O! what a sharp pain! Apply a *Hop Porous Plaster* and experience relief and cure. 25 cts.

That a false grounded hope is but a waking man's dream.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.



WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address NEUSTADT BROS. & CO., 85 Mercer St., New York



A MEDICAL VICTORY!

Cures Brights' Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Torpid Liver. It dissolves Gall-Stones and Gravel.

SYMPTOMS and CONDITIONS of Urine for which this Remedy **should be taken.**

Scalding, Stoppage, Blood-tinged, Diabetic, Albumen, Brick-dust, Dropsical, Dribbling, Milky-pink, Headache, Frequent, Costiveness, Boneache, Nervous, Redish-dark, Uric-acid, Settlings, Catarrhacbe, Backache, Nerveache, Phosphates, Bad-taste, Foul-Breath, Gall-color

IT IS A SPECIFIC.

Every dose goes to the spot.

Relieves and Cures *internal* Slime-fever, Canker, Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhœa and Gout.

It Eliminates Blood Impurities, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Syphilis, Pimples, Blotches, Fever-sores, and Cancer-tainta.

It is a most Wonderful Appetizer. Builds up Quickly a Run-down Constitution.

☞ Tell your neighbors all about it.

PRICE 25c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

☞ Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free.)

All letters of inquiry promptly answered.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This successful medicine is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death?* Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all part of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

The resurrection is the silver lining to the dark cloud of death, and we know the sun is shining beyond.

Breach, Rupture, or Hernia.

Cures guaranteed in the worst cases. No knife or truss treatment. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind or the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

They Will Not Do It.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operation. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.

One *Hop Plaster* will do the work of a dozen bottles of dirty liniment or salve. Kills pain.

That purse strings are the most common ties of friendship.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Squeeze the juice from *freshly*-gathered berries; for the slightest tendency to fermentation will spoil the whole process. Then let the juice drip, without squeezing, through a flannel bag. To each pint of this clear juice allow three-quartears of a pound of sugar, which must be unadulterated, if such can possibly be procured. Put this syrup over a briskly burning fire, and let it boil hard just twenty minutes. Stir as little as possible, and only at first, till the sugar is dissolved; and then always with a silver spoon. Do not attempt to make more than three or four pounds of jelly at once, and attention to every little particular direction given is necessary to insure success. Jellying requires more pains than almost any other process of cookery. Strawberry jelly, when well made, more nearly resembles guava jelly than any other that can be prepared from the fruits of the temperature zone.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—Crumb your stale bread into a pudding-pan, cover with sweet milk, and set by the stove to warm and soften. Then to every quart of the milk and bread add two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar and a handful of raisins or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your pail full, as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, set into boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling until it is done.

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

BECAUSE A GOOD CONSTITUTION bears abuse wonderfully do not assume that a reckoning day will never come. Be sensible in your habits, and use neither rum nor tobacco. At the first symptoms of dyspepsia, disorders of the skin, kidneys, liver or blood, use promptly DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA BITTERS, the unrivaled purifier of the blood and renovator of the system, which is a certain cure.

Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

FACETIÆ.

"I HOPE you will be home to dinner early to-night, Mr. Philbrick; we are going to have spring chicken," said Mrs. Jarby of Brooklyn, as she met Phil in the hall as he was going to the office.

"Spring chicken, eh! all right; 5 o'clock, sharp," replied Phil.

Philbrick was on time. Miss Lulu bloomed out in a new cream-colored bunting dress with several extra kinks in it; the other boarders wore a wistful look; they hadn't eaten any lunch in anticipation of the spring chicken, and Mrs. Jarby was in her glory. The chicken was served and the boarders were eagerly devouring it when Mrs. Jarby happened to notice Phil poking something on his plate.

"I hope your chicken suits, Mr. Philbrick," she asked in her blandest tones.

"Oh, yes; I had my doubts, Mrs. Jarby, when you told me this morning that you were going to have spring chicken, but I am glad to see that there is no joke about this one. You know the old joke about boarding house spring chicken?"

"Oh, yes; certainly; but I am sure, as you say, there can be no joke about this; ha, ha!"

"Are you a connoiseur of spring chickens, Mr. Philbrick?" asked the lady from Boston.

"Oh, not at all."

"How did you recognize the difference?"

"Oh, I found the spring," and Phil held up to view a twisted hair pin.

"I TELL you, Bromley, I'm more than ever impressed with the eternal fitness of things, the inter-related association, the impinging approximation, the——"

"Oh, nonsense, Darringer! I used to be an enthusiast of the kind, but I ain't now."

"What led you to change your mind?"

"An incident which occurred this spring during house-cleaning. I fell over a scrubbing bucket, splintered my nose-glasses into my face and put my foot through the motto, "God Bless our Home." I tell you there wasn't any eternal fitness about it. I was irreverent enough to eschew the blessing by proxy and took to blessing my home myself. With too much heartiness, perhaps. I appeased my wife with an $18 bonnet, but the dog remained under the back porch for the rest of the week."

SCHOOL-TEACHER—"What! a boy of your age doesn't know the parts of speech."

Boy—"No'm."

School-teacher—"Haven't you ever heard of a noun?"

Boy—"Oh, yes'm."

School-teacher—"Well, what comes next?"

Boy—"Don't know."

School-teacher—"A pronoun. Now please remember that. Then there's the verb. Now what follows that?"

Boy—A proverb."

A LITTLE girl three years old attended church for the first time with her older sister. During the sermon she heard the minister mention the name of God several times, and acted as if she knew he was doing something wrong. At last she could stand it no longer; the next time he said it she rose up in the seat, and pointing her chubby finger at him she said in impressive tones: "Man, 'top your swearin'!"

SWEET GIRL—"Is it wicked to sing that song on Sundays?" Brother Jack—"Yes, it is wicked to sing it any day." "Why?" "Because it makes people swear."

Brash and wiry hair becomes soft and pliant by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Many a mother has found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable in cases of croup.

THE pugilist's motto—"It's better to give than to receive."

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*

MRS. EVA J. HYDE, Dawson, Pa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and have been greatly benefited. It gave me a good appetite and removed that tired feeling that has been so common with me. I cheerfully recommend it as a most valuable medicine.

MR. T. S. LEGRUNER, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness and lassitude. I had no appetite and always felt tired. One bottle of this valuable remedy removed the trouble and made me feel better than I had in 18 months or two years.

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

21 474

FITS STOPPED FREE *Marvelous success.* Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nervous Weakness, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS WEAK or DEBILITY FEMALES WEAKNESS AND DECAY.

A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial package Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

12 DOLLARS each for *New and Perfect* SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Best on trial & guaranteed. Buy Direct and save $75 to $85. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE Circular with 1000 testimonials from every State. GEO. PAYNE & CO. 124 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

DYSPEPSIA!

The Chief Stomach Disease of the World.

SYMPTOMS.

Indigestion,	Nausea,
Loss of Appetite,	Palpitation,
Heartburn,	Sour Stomach,
Pain in Stomach,	Flatulency, etc.

The cause of dyspepsia is often due to sedentary habits, rapid eating and neglected constipation, as well as to improper food, the excessive use of stimulants, tea, coffee and tobacco. Eating too heartily when tired is a frequent cause, but whatever the cause the remedy is plainly indicated. As everything taken into the stomach when weak and irritable proves a source of irritation, dyspepsia is the most difficult to cure of the majority of chronic complaints; but Burdock Blood Bitters, by its direct action in regulating the bowels, stimulating the liver to secrete healthy bile, and by its tonic and nutritive effects upon the system, and its general purifying action through the kidneys, the skin, the liver and the blood, soon restores the natural action of all the organs and thus makes the relief or cure of this inveterate disease a simple matter. From one to three bottles will relieve or cure the chronic cases of long standing.

The Great Remedy,

Burdock Blood Bitters

Dyspepsia is, without doubt, one of the most prevalent diseases known to the American public, and is often mistaken for some other disease. When your appetite is variable, when you sense a faint, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied craving for food, rising and souring of the same, heartburn, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, headache, pain—sometimes in back, oftentimes palpitation of the heart, disinclination to effort—mental or physical, languor, lassitude, etc., etc., dyspepsia is the cause and should be immediately treated with some reliable remedy; such is B. B. Bitters. It will effect a permanent cure in brief time. Try it; test it thoroughly, and write us if you are not greatly benefited.

Space will not permit us to print any of the thousands of testimonials of those who have been cured or greatly benefited, but, to substantiate our statement that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, we append a sample dozen of the names of those cured:

W. H. Cooper, cor. Park and Adams St., Boston, Mass.; Chas. R. Sweet, 65 William St., Providence, R. I.; C. J. Whitehead, Norwich, Ct.; Mrs. J. McDermott, 78 Geiston St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. S. E. Edwards, Bridgehampton, L. I.; J. T. Harold, 23 Liberty St., Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. C. H. Green, 28 Court St., Watertown, N. Y.; R. G. McCormick, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. E. F. Remington, 301 Broad St., Bridgeport, Ct.; Mrs. Hollern, 18 Robert St., Pittsburg, Pa.; J. Huckstein, 25 Spring Garden, Allegheny City; Mrs. E. A. Jenkins, 819 Carson St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jacob Daner, Spring Garden Ave., Allegheny City, Pa.

Send for our "Almanac," "Book of Games," and "How to Name the Baby."

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT

Routes the Insect Army that destroy Vegetables and Flowers. Since 1880 *One and a Half Million* pounds have been used with safety and efficiency. It is cheap and sold by the Seedsmen, and probably by some party in your place. For pamphlet address FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND. None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.

Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.

Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.

Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

R.H. McDonald Drug Co., 522 Washington St., N. Y.

S S S.

Relieved at Last!

"We know a gentleman in this county who, six months ago, was almost a hopeless cripple from an attack of rheumatism. He could scarcely hobble across the room, used crutches, and scold himself that he had little if any hope of ever recovering. We saw him in our town last week, walking about as lively as any other man, and in the finest health and spirits. Upon our inquiry as to what had worked such a wonderful change in his condition he replied that S. S. S. had cured him. After using a dozen and a half bottles, he has been transformed from a miserable cripple to a happy, healthy man. He is none other than Mr. E. B. Lambert, Sylvania Telephone."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d st., N. Y.

ICHTHYOL The wonderful remedy of Prince Bismarck. Infallible in Rheumatism, Skin diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Catarrh, Piles, St mach Diseases and Chronic Cold. For circulars address, WHITE, Box 3136, N. Y. City.

Agents wanted.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED. A NEW METHOD.

DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

No Hope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List.

J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **SO-HAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.**

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD

☞ Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

ASTHMA CURED!

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. E. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

Free Farms In Sunny **SAN LUIS.**

The most Wonderful Agricultural Park in America. Surrounded by prosperous mining and manufacturing towns. Farmer's Paradise! Magnificent crops raised in 1885. THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND, subject to pre-emption and homestead. Lands for sale to actual settlers at $3.00 per Acre. Long Time. Park irrigated by immense canals. Cheap railroad rates. Every attention shown settlers. For maps, pamphlets, etc., address COL. PRADO LAND & LOAN CO., Opera House Block, Denver, Col. Box 330.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a *free trial* of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of Vitality and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor, and Manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

SURE CURE for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER.

Chichester Chemical Co.,

2312 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by **Dr. J. B. Mayer**, the successful specialist. Exam at once; no operation or delays from business. Treat by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 722 North Fifth St., 6 to 7 P. M. and Sundays.

SEEDS FOR TRIAL.—Pearl Corn, best yielder known, 8-eared stalks; Canton Ball Cabbage, sure to head, winter keeper; Honeysuckle Watermelon, very early and sweet; Sweet Potato Pumpkin, extra good for eating. These are all very superior new seeds which I wish introduced, and mail all for dime or any one for nickel. Jas. Hasley, Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty, Washington, D. C.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

Mfd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction.

MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex

G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldtime.

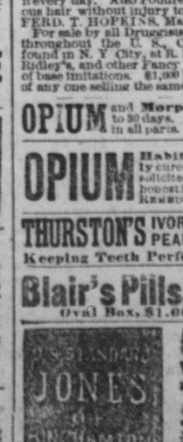
A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

A Skin of Beauty is a joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.



Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

DR. L. A. SAYER, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient:)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 37 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

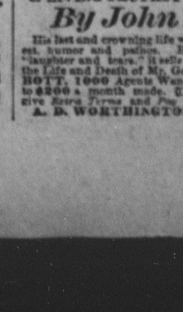
OPIUM and **Morphine Habit** cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1 00 patients cured in all parts. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

OPIUM Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at Home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial* of cure sent prostrating subscribers. THE HUMANE REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.



5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Beam, Tare Beam and Beam Box, **$60** JONES will pay the freight—See Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.*

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. Every body wants the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. ☞ Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 2, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions.
One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.
☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

China!
AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.
Dry-goods!
TO SUIT EVERYBODY.
In Laces
AND
Embroideries
Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.
D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Rails are now being laid on the Buffalo Run railroad.

——Mr. John Emerick, one of our most respected citizens, is seriously ill.

——J. L. Hamill, son of Rev. Dr. Hamill, was admitted to the bar of this county last week.

——By the burning of the Curtin house, at Milesburg, Ward Rishel, son of John Rishel, of this town, lost furniture and clothing to amount of near $300.

Base balls, at all prices from 5c to $1.25 at Murray's drug store.

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

——Revs. J. M. King, W. E. Fischer, and Messrs. Jas. Lohr and C. Dinges are delegates to the Grand Lodge of Good Templars in session at Williamsport.

——The State College boys were down at Lewisburg, one day last week, to play the University base ball club. The State College boys came out far ahead.

——The license of Wm. S. Musser, for a hotel at Millheim, was granted last week, having been deferred at April term.

——Jacob M'Cool's saw mill, in Pine Creek hollow, was destroyed by fire a short time ago. The fire broke out while the hands were at supper. The mill was not insured. Fire was caused by the engine it is supposed.

——Rev. Wm. M'Cool, and mother, paid our sanctum a visit on Monday. Mr. M'Cool will leave for Nebraska, next week, where he will join his family, who went thither some time ago.

——Judge Orvis, of the Phoenix Colliery, near Osceola, posted a notice that on Monday his men must return to work at the old prices or the mines will be closed. About 500 men employed by Berwind, White & Co. threaten to stop work.

——We observe that Mr. Solt is shipping considerable quantities of his patent wire slat fence to parties outside this county. He has induced the patentees of the fence to come here and have their machines manufactured in this place.

——All kinds of men's wear at the Philad. Branch. Neckties, dusters, cuffs, collars, hats, hose, and anything to rig out a man or boy for church, wedding, or common labor. Bargains in every thing to astonish you. Try Lewins.

——The largest trade in boots and shoes, done in this county, is at A. C. Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block, because all know that the largest and finest stock is always on hand there. Prices are low and all goods guaranteed.

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating, is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can get. jun

——The Williamsport *Gaz. & Bul.* gives a glowing account of the Hill-Packer wedding in that city, a few days ago. Among list of guests we observe the name of Charles Kurtz, of Centre Hall. It was the society event of the season in that city.

——Editor Ulrich, late of the Selinsgrove *Times*, is spending a short vacation with his father-in-law, Maj. J. B. Fisher, at Penn Hall. The *Times* was quite an interesting sheet, and we are sorry to have Mr. Ulrich drop from the editorial tripod. We wish the new managers of the *Times* success.

——When persons have to resort to every species of low trickery, for years beforehand, to get an office, it is clear evidence they are possessed of no merit to go on, and in such cases such folk naturally become disgusted with the society they live in and will resort to anything to get out of it—to get an office we mean.

One bottle of Keller's Catarrh Remedy possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. It is infallible in the cure of catarrh, malaria and all skin and blood diseases.

——The boro' school board has voted to have an eight months school term, with three schools as heretofore. The highest grade to be of the academic standard, and open to outside students who pay the usual tuition. The plan is good, and one we always favored.

——Since our last week's issue we learn that the judgment obtained against J. C. Motz, in U. S. Court, does not stand on equal footing with the judgments confessed by Mr. Motz in favor of parties in this valley, but comes in after those are satisfied.

Blank books of every description—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

LUTHERAN CHURCH DEDICATION.

The Lutheran church, at Centre Hall, will be dedicated on June 20, Dr. Conrad, of Philad., editor of the *Luth. Observer*, to preach morning and evening. Revs. J. A. Earnest and J. K. Miller will preach Thursday and Friday evenings previous to dedication, June 17th and 18th. All are cordially invited to be present.

There will be preaching at the Union on next Sabbath at 10 a. m., at Georges Valley at 2 p. m., and at Tusseyville at night. W. E. FISCHER.

——An endless assortment of seasonable goods can be found at McFarlane's hardware store, Bellefonte. The Vapor Stoves they sell are the chief attraction, however. These stoves are just the thing for use in hot weather when cooking on a common stove is a burden. They are perfectly safe in every way and any one can use them.

——Lewins is selling ready-made clothing in stacks, Customers in Clinton, Clearfield and other counties go there for suits, besides nearly everybody in our own county. His stock is simply unsurpassed, and prices so low that all competition has been distanced and given up the chase.

——In furniture the establishment of M'Cormick Brothers, Centre Hall, offers inducements that no competition can distance. They keep a large stock of all kinds of furniture on hand, and manufacture any thing wanted to order on short notice. Their goods compares with the best and prices are low to suit the times.

——Any kind of labor is honorable, farmer, carpenter, shoemaker, woodchopper, etc, still persons will get so lofty, that after being reared in any of these, they get disgusted and turn up their noses to find a higher order of beings.

——Shoemakers—I can supply you with rubber cement for mending gum boots, etc.—J. D. Murray.

Cure for Croup.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflamation, and for injuries.

——Prof. S. C. Stover is home from Franklin and Marshall Seminary at Lancaster, and will preach at Spring Mills at 10:30 a. m, and at the Union at 2:30 p. m., next Sabbath, filling the appointments of Rev. Land.

——Graham & Son have just received another lot of ladies' fine soft lace shoes, made on the "common sense lasts." Ladies wearing these shoes will find the breaking in process entirely done away with, as these shoes fit from the first;—no more corns or bunions by wearing the commonsense shoes. 2 2t

——Local news are scarce this week—there are few happenings of note—except that Bohemian oats notes are making things brisk in the banks and many fellows are in a sweat.

——The first regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Evan. church on Wednesday, 2 p. m., June 16. All who are interested in this work are invited to attend.

——We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Kennedy & Shires, who have a new fence machine, which has many points of merit, and will supply a long felt want.

——Get your ready-made clothing at the Philad. Branch and save money.

——Landlord Bibby is arranging to erect a distellery at Spring Mills, and Mr. Van Valin a similar institution at Coburn. Happy localities.

——Weather evenings and mornings is cool.

——Instead of glycerine, bay rum, etc., for hands, use Dr. Smith's Salve. It is better and cheaper. At druggists.

Bairfoot & Wetzel are agents for rubber stamps. 93

For wall-paper go to Bairfoot & Wetzel's, Bellefonte. 93

Fine stationery a specialty—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

Pictures and picture frames—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

——A reputable citizen of Harris gives it as a fact that a candidate for Prothonotary has gone into that township and sought the aid of temperance men because he was one too and also went to the opposite element and sought support leaving the impression he was an anti-temperance man, and even brought a bottle of whisky into the township. If the intelligent citizens of that township do not rebuke such an insult we mistake their temper. We know it as a positive fact that the candidate has played a similar discreditable game in other parts.

Amos Gift residing four miles west of Middleburg last week found a land turtle on his farm that his father's name, Jacob Gift (now deceased) inscribed on it with the year 1833. The turtle has remained the the farm ever since this inscription was put on it, and it is about 10 years since Mr. Gift has seen it last. This makes the creature 53 years old to a certainty, to say nothing of its age before Mr. Gift's father found it.—*Post.*

Whisky and the Weed.—When it becomes clearly understood that Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine is not only a specific for epilepsy, nervous diseases, liver and kidney disease, scrofula, and a host of other disorders, but also for inebriety, thousands will rise up and call the discovery blessed. $1.50 at druggists.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES Is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable. jun

DR. NEVIN DEAD.

The Distinguished Theologian and Educator Passes Away at Lancaster.

Rev. John Williamson Nevin, D. D., LL. D., the President of Franklin and Marshall College and a noted Reformed church theologian, died at his home, Caernarvon Place, Lancaster, this evening at 8 o'clock, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had been ill about ten days.

ACTORS BEFORE THE CAMERA.

Some of Them Obliging and Some of Otherwise.

"John McCullough, genial John, was one of the best of men to be photographed; he was always obliging. He was the beau ideal of gentlemanly manhood. We were taking him in a large number of costumes one Sunday—oh, yes, that's the only day we can get for these people—and had come to Spartacus. We had chosen the position, and it was one where he held his arm high above his head. After John had placed it there he said: 'How this reminds me of the time I went with Forrest to have the same thing done, and in this same position,' and the tears came into his eyes. I tell you, John loved his master, Forrest, as few are loved. Charles R. Thorne, Jr's, picture always had an immense sale, particularly at the time of the great run of the 'Banker's Daughter.' He went upon the principle that he was a public servant, and owed that much to it.

"Lester Wallack was a charming subject. We took him as Dazzle in 'London Assurance,' and he kept us in the best of humor with his wit and brilliant conversation. John Gilbert, on the other hand, was as sedate and stately as he always is. He regarded it as an unpleasant duty, a sort of rehearsal. 'Sam'l of Posen' Curtis was a peculiar one. He is a great talker and is always wanting to tell you what he paid for everything he has on. One of the pleasantest and most jovial actors that I ever met was Sig. Rossi, the Italian. He played a great trick on our waiting maid, a darky, by suddenly and unexpectedly appearing in costume before her and acting a bit for her sole benefit. She was so scared that she thought the great Rossi was crazy.

"Edwin Booth is one of the most difficult subjects; he abominates such things and refuses to sit under any circumstances. When he did for us he was unmanageable and wanted his own way, which more than once resulted in a poor picture. Mr. Boucicault always assists an artist by his good humor, and his wit is not kept for the stage alone. He always gets a good picture. Sig. Salvini is also wonderfully amiable under such circumstances. He came in and we took him in street costume once, and to our thanks he said, 'not at all; if I had more time you should have me in all my costumes.' William Warren is another man of men; he is the soul of good humor, and never fails of getting a good picture. Handsome George Rignold of Henry VIII. fame was an erratic fellow; he said he had rather go through a whole performance than sit for a picture; but his native vanity—you remember he was a good-looking fellow—always brought him round, and we took some fine photographs of him. Another of the same style was Harry Montague—whose death, it was said, threw thirty-two New York women into mourning. His pictures and Rignold's had a great sale, particularly among the fair sex. Mr. Irving is the only actor who ever ignored our request for a sitting, but Miss Terry came and gave us a sitting as Beatrice and proved a charming subject: Nat Goodwin is always too busy; John T. Raymond is the liveliest of the lively, and when giving us a sitting as Col. Mulberry Sellers, kept up a running fire of pleasantries.—Boston Times.

A Way Out of the Difficulty.

Old Dr. Hewson was distinguished for philanthropy. On one occasion the doctor had a case of malignant typhoid fever. He prescribed rest and nourishment for his patient.

"Give Dan plenty of chicken. He must have more nourishment."

"Shall I kill a chicken?"

"Yes, you'd better kill a young rooster; broil it well and add plenty of butter. Patients with typhoid fever like plenty of gravy."

Dan's wife killed, dressed and cooked a fine chicken.

"That's about right," said the doctor, who was superintending the job, as he enviously eyed the chicken.

"Dan, how're you feeling?"

"First rate, doctor, first rate."

"Let me feel your pulse."

Dan extended his arm and hand.

"You are more feverish than usual. I just ordered your wife to broil a chicken, but you can't eat it; you're too feverish."

"What shall we do doctor?" inquired the wife.

"I see no way out of the difficulty but to eat the chicken ourselves. I once suffered from typhoid fever myself, madam!"—Troy Telegraph.

A Great Desire for Information.

The passion for statistics has broken out in a new form. A London "intelligence" collector has been employed, probably at a fair compensation, to secure data upon which to base a calculation of the causes of failure in life, business and professional. The following circular was sent to a large number of men over the age of 35:

"To what causes do you attribute your failure in life? I, ——, of ——, profession ——, attribute my failure in life to the following causes: 1. Drink (say what drink). 2. Gambling (turf, cards, or what?). 3. Dishonesty. 4. Unfortunate acquaintances. 5. Marriage. 6. Single life. 7. Disinclination to work. 8. Lending or borrowing (say which). 9. Unpopular views (political); unpopular views (religious). 10. Tobacco (in what form). 11. General incapacity. 12. Other causes; general remarks."

The responses to this comprehensive list of interrogatories will be most interesting. The plan may work in England, where men are presumably frank and willing to admit failure prior to the death-gasp, but it would never do in this country. The chances of picking up a profitable job are too good here to confess loss of the game before it is finished.—Chicago News.

The Progress Made in Base Ball.

The game of base ball is now wonderfully perfect, and I never tire of looking at it, or thinking of the extraordinary strides it has taken in fifteen or twenty years. Why, when the old Empires and Unions used to play it was considered a wonderful performance for a man to catch a ball on the bound. I remember what astonishment it created at the base ball convention in 1869 when somebody proposed to abolish the first bound and make nothing but fly catches count out in the field. Why, most of us rose up and protested against any such innovation as calculated to injure the game; and I was one of the most earnest opposers of the new scheme. It went through, though. Now we have nothing but fly catches, and the game of 1886 is entirely different from the game of 1869.—H. Clay Sexton in Globe-Democrat.

One Way of Utilizing It.

Young playwright—Well, Mr. Buncomb, have you read my comedy? Buncomb—Yes, and I find I shall be unable to use it. It has some good points, my dear boy, but it's crude—dem crude. Young playwright—Then you couldn't think of putting it on the stage? Buncomb—Well, I didn't mean to say that. I could have it ground up and use it for a snow-storm, if you would care to have it put on that way.—Chicago Rambler.

An address by a converted dude was the feature of a meeting of the Salvation army the other night in Washington.

——While our stock is up to the usual standard we wish to call your attention to but two departments this week. We have just received a large invoice of Johnson's Square Granite Ware, giving you a chance to select a set of dishes and at lower prices than ever known in this county.

We have also a lot of sample pieces of beautiful Ingrain Carpets we will keep for two or three weeks. If in need of a carpet it will pay you to see these at once. Very respectfully yours,

WM. WOLF & SON.

A DISASTROUS FIRE.

Lebanon, Pa., June 6.—The works of the Pennsylvania Bolt and Nut Company, the largest of their kind in the country were destroyed by fire to-day. Four large brick buildings were consumed with all their contents, embracing a large amount of finished stock and valuable machinery. The loss is about $150,000 and is covered by insuranae. About 350 men are thrown out of work. The cause of the fire is unknown.

REWARD'S OFFERED FOR INDIANS' HEADS.

Tombstone, Ari., June 2.—Captain Pierce, of the San Carlos Reservation, has offered the Indians settled in the San Pedro Valley under Eokiminzin a reward of $150 for the head of each hostile Indian they may kill. This is done to induce them to fight against the hostiles instead of joining them as it has been feared they would do.

Alaska Breaker, Mount Carmel, operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday evening. It was valued at one hundred thousand dollars and shipped when running full-handed, twenty-five thousand tons per month. Five hundred hands were employed.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia' June 8. There was bid for wheat 86½ for June, 86½ for July.

For corn there was bid 44 for June, 44⅝ for July.

For oats there was b'd 37½ for June, 37⅞ for July.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	10
Ham	10	Sides	6
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	40
Lard	6		

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 80	Oats	$ 30
Wheat, White	80	Rye	56
Corn, shelled	37	Barley, No. 1	45

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

☞You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 2jun6m.

MARRIED.

On May 18, at Green Brier, Centre county, by S. R. Getti g, J. P., Miss Elmira M. Ennuch and Andrew M. Wilson.

DIED.

On May 28, in Potter township, William Mulbarger, aged 70 years, 2 months.

Deceased died of heart disease and dyspepsia, and had been ill for about a year. He was a member of the Presbyterian church; he leaves a wife and 3 children.

LETTING NOTICE.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Commissioners' Office, at Bellefonte, up to 10 a. m., Monday, June 21, 1886, for building abutments for an iron bridge to be erected across Penns creek, at Greenbrier, in Penn township. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' office, in Bellefonte.

DAVID NEESE,
J. W. MOYER,
Supervisors of Penn Twp.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Mulbarger, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

W. J. THOMPSON,
2jun6t WM. S. MULBARGER, Adm'r, Potters Mills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Bloom, deceased, late of Ferguson twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r,
2jun6t Farmers Mills, Pa.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Base ball bats at Murray's.

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve. At druggists. No patent remedy.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

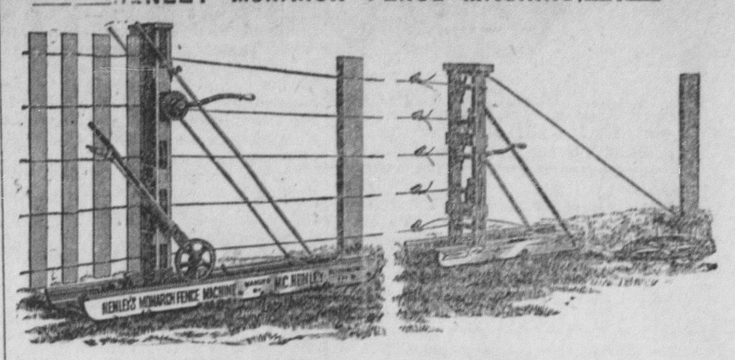
——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

Kites at Murray's.

Base ball bats from 5c to $0, at Murray's drug store.

THE IMPROVED
HENLEY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE.



COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY THE IMPROVED
HENLY * MONARCH * FENCE * MACHINE
IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory, address,

SHIRES & KENNEDY,
9jun3m Sole Agents for Penn'a, CENTRE HALL, PA.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—
We hereby give notice that the appeals for the several townships and boroughs for 1886, will be held at the following places to wit:

For the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn and Millheim borough, at Musser's hotel, in Millheim, Wednesday June 16.

For Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall borough, at Meyer's hotel, in Centre Hall, Thursday, June 17.

For Ferguson, College and Harris townships, at Stewart's hotel, in Boalsburg, Friday, June 18.

For Spring and Walker townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Monday, June 21.

For Philipsburg borough and Rush township, at the Potter House, in Philipsburg, Tuesday, June 22.

For Taylor, Worth, Huston and Halfmoon townships, at hotel at Port Matilda, Wednesday, June 23.

For Liberty, Curtin Marion and Howard twps., and Howard boro', at Howard hotel, in Howard borough, Thursday, June 24.

For Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, at the Mountain house, in Snow Shoe, Friday, June 25.

For Union and Boggs townships and Unionville and Milesburg boroughs, at the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, June 28.

For Benner and Patton townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Tuesday, June 29.

For Bellefonte borough, in the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Wednesday, June 30.

The appeals to commence at 10 o'clock each day.

The Assessors are required to be present and have their assessments there.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GRIEST,
J. C. HENDERSON,
Commissioners.

ESTATE OF JONN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. CLEMENT DALE,
2jun-6t Administrator.

BRING YOUR
PRODUCE— —PRODUCE
PRODUCE
PRODUCE— —PRODUCE
.....TO.....
A. C. MOYER & BRO'S
C. MOYER & BRO'S
NEW STORE,
BELLEFONTE,
—Next Door to—
—POSTOFFICE,—
and get the
LOWEST PRICES, LOWEST PRICES
ON ALL KINDS OF
:-:GROCERIES:-:
WOOD— AND —WILLOW
WARE.
WE GUARANTEE OUR PRICES ON
TEAS, COFFES, SUGARS
TO BE LOWER AND BETTER
THAN ANY STORE IN CENTRE COUNTY
IN FINE GROCERIES WE
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
☞ GIVE US A TRIAL ☜
☞ AND BE CONVINCED. ☜
☞ SOAPS ☜
.....OF ALL KINDS, AND LOW IN PRICE.....
WE SELL GOODS FOR PRODUCE THE SAME AS CASH.
12may3m

Farmers of Centre county allow me to say to all who want to buy a self-binder, a front or rear cut mower, a self-rake, do not buy until you see the Johnston Binder, Mower and Self-Rake, which stand in the front rank wherever I have sold them. I can guarantee them to have more good points, quiet running, for lightness of draft, easier to handle all the leavers than any other binder sold in the county. I say buy a Johnson machine whichever one it may be and it will convince you that my statement above is not a false one. The Johnston machines recommend and talk for themselves once they get a trial in the field. Farmers wishing to see a Johnston Binder and latest improvements, can see one set up in my barn at Centre Hill, one at old Jacob Rupp's, about two miles above State College; one in Brush Valley, one mile east of Rebersburg, at Austin Gramley's. Farmers, go and see the Johnston Binder before buying, and you will see one of the best constructed binders in the market. The knotter is one of the finest you have ever seen. It has but one steel spring and has a double disk and cord holder. The binder attachment can be folded up so a 5-foot binder can pass through a pair of bars 9 ft. 10 in. and 6-foot binder through a 10 ft. 10 in. bar. This is more convenient than to load a binder on a truck to get into your fields. Buy a Johnson binder or mower and you will find many more conveniences which I have said nothing about, but you will find it so once you will work with one.

I will here say I have contracted and handled the following farm implements: The Superior grain drill, which is one of the finest arranged drills in the market; has no gear wheels to change; drives from either wheel with a rachet like a reaper. I also sell one of the finest and easiest Hand-dump Rakes in market: try one and you will admit to this fact. I also sell the Bullard Hay Tedder, the only one built that has a fork outside of the wheels, so that the wheels do not run over the spread grass once it is tedded up. I also have the agency for the Empire Steam Engine and Thresher, which all farmers know is one of the best machines in the county. I also have the agency for the Hench Cultivators which need no recommendation. It is known as one of the best cultivators, with Corn Planter and Fertilizer attachments, in the county. I also have the agency for the Conkling Wagons, my territory including Harris, Potter, Gregg, Miles, Penn and Haines townships. The Conkling stands first in the rank of all wagons, as all farmers know who have used one of them.

I also sell E. Frank Coes and John Ralston Nickerbocker Phosphates. I can say that these goods are a first class article, and have given entire satisfaction to all my customers for the past four years. Farmers, I simply ask you to try one of these fertilizers and you will get the best results. I always make it my aim before contracting for any fertilizers or implements to get the very best in market. Farmers, buy the best in market and it will be the cheapest in the end.

I kindly ask a liberal patronage of any who need and will buy a first class implement or fertilizer.

F. M. BURKHOLDER,
Agent for above Implements and Fertilizers
21ap8t] Centre Hill, Pa.

NEW OPENING
THEO. DESCHNER
OF THE
—BELLEFONTE—
GUN WORKS
AND HEADQUARTERS FOR
Sporting Goods.
One door below LYON'S STORE,
Bellefonte, where you find everything in the line of
GUNS, —— PISTOLS
AMMUNITION,
FISHING LINES & RODS, HOOKS,
and all kinds of
FISHING TACKLE. CANES, FLAGS,
FIRE-WORKS, &c.
JUST OPENED. CALL AT
DESCHNER'S
FOR YOUR SPORTING GOODS.
5may3m

SHINGLES! SHINGLES
—AND—
FARM IMPLEMENTS.
The undersigned
has engaged in the manufacture of
—ALL—
—GRADES OF SHINGLES,—
at the mill at M'Cool's crossing, near Spring Mills. Also has
opened a ware room at Spring Mills for the sale of all kinds of
Farm Implements
and is agent for the WALTER A. WOOD BINDER, and dealer in Binder Twine. Bargains offered in Shingles and Implements. Call and see
WM. F. KRUMRINE,
28apr6m Spring Mills.